



**FOUR  
PLAY**

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*Duty required she choose one life mate. Her heart wants all three.*

Mikayla knew this day was coming. News has come down from the planetary elders—now that she's twenty-five, the law requires she pick her lifemate. She may be the planetary secretary, but when it comes to trying out potential mates, she's inexperienced and nervous.

She only needs one man with whom she can trust her life. Luckily she knows three—all friends since childhood. Even if they're not thrilled to be her potential lifemate, it's the only way she can get through this process.

Mikayla couldn't be more wrong about Cedric, Kyle, and Brett. They're eager, yet resentful about the situation. Each one would kill to claim her, but they're not too happy about having to risk their friendship to win her love. Yet, one by one, they set out to do just that.

Mikayla is stunned to learn all three men drive her mad with desire—and make her feel cherished. Loved. Choosing one seems impossible, until the one man she doesn't want forces her hand...

Warning: This book contains one female being thoroughly tempted by three very different males—sometimes at the same time! It contains m/m and m/f/m/m scenes, rough lovin', gentle lovin', and all of the above lovin'.

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# Four Play

*Shelli Stevens*

# Dedication

Thanks to my fabulous editor Laurie, and to my friends in the Bradford Bunch loop (especially Margaret Rowe who picked the winning title) and my non-writer friends for helping me brainstorm titles for this book!

# Chapter One

Three men. Three gorgeous, virile, tempting men any woman in her community would kill for and they were hers to choose from. Mikayla bit her lip and sighed. She just hoped they wanted her in return. But in the end, even if all three did desire her, she could only choose one.

One man to be her lifemate. One man to provide her with a child who would eventually inherit her position as the Planetary Secretary, as she had from her mother. One man whom she might even hope to love...

Mikayla pulled a comb through her white-blond hair and stared at herself in the mirror. Green eyes shone bright in the reflection, the frustration clear in her gaze. Today she was to meet with all three of them, and by tonight her choice would have to be made.

Her stomach twisted and she bit her lip, setting down the comb. She'd known this day would come and had been mentally preparing for it for several years now. Next week she turned twenty-five. The age when all women on the planet were legally required to pick their lifemate and commit to that man with the intent to bear children.

The women either picked a lifemate...or had one picked for them. And like hell would she let somebody else pick the man she was to spend the rest of her life with.

Her lips curled into a grimace. She'd enjoyed her independence these past years. Enjoyed her high-ranking position as the Planetary Secretary of Yalmote. But now it was her duty, as a member of the minority sex, to continue to populate the planet.

*Gods, some days she wished she'd been born with a penis.*

She stood from her vanity and went to her wardrobe to remove a lavender-colored dress. Tugging it on, she grew conscious of the way the fabric hugged her full breasts, skimming her hips before ending just above her knees. It wasn't the standard gray uniform she wore to the embassy while at work. No, this dress had a different purpose. It was designed to enhance...to entice.

Her stomach fluttered again as she realized how strange the situation was. She was trying to attract men who possibly saw her only as a sister.

Her three closest friends, who she'd known since childhood. Friends she trusted and adored. The idea of picking a lifemate was a strange and frightening concept, so it made sense to choose from men she already trusted.

A man had very little say if he was chosen by a woman as a lifemate, but then most were thrilled to have been picked. Women simply weren't as common on their small planet anymore, after a virus had run rampant, making it difficult, if not impossible, for a man to maintain the X chromosome. On the rare occasion a baby girl was born, she was treated with ultimate care and shielded from as much illness as possible to ensure she reached adulthood and could reproduce.

Hence the law that women must be lifemated by the age of twenty-five. A law her mother had helped get approved.

Mikayla left her room and walked slowly to meet the men, the lump in her throat tightening with each step. It almost seemed as if she were walking to her death, but then, in a way, she was. The death of her independence as a single woman who answered to no one but herself.

As she turned a corner, she spotted a tall man with red hair approaching her and her blood chilled. Cursing under her breath, she increased her pace and lifted her chin, hoping to pass by him unnoticed.

"Mikayla. So lovely to see you about," William Alberts said, stepping in front of her. "I was hoping to have a word with you."

Gods, the man frustrated her. No matter how many times she'd asked him not to address her by her given name, he continued to address her so informally. Worse, he continued to harass her, thinking she'd help him achieve his goals. For years he'd campaigned to become a member of the planet's parliament, offering subtle bribes, but of course he had been turned down. Such a position was passed through birth only, and the wealth of his family didn't matter.

She'd thought he'd finally given up, as he hadn't been around recently. But then in the past few weeks he'd crossed her path more than once, making his interest in her as a woman known. He must have realized she grew close to picking her lifemate, but the idea of him as even a possibility made her nauseous.

"Mr. Alberts. How are you?" She used his full name, hoping to restore formality between them. She forced a pleasant smile, her hands clenching at her side.

He didn't warm to her greeting, but frowned instead. "Quite disappointed, actually. I recently learned that you chose your top three possible lifemates."

"Yes, I have."

His body tensed. "Mikayla...I had truly hoped to be among them."

Right, so the man had obviously *not* picked up on her blatant attempts to dissuade his pursuit. She slid her gaze from him and bit back a sigh.

"Mr. Alberts, I apologize, but I simply don't see you in the role as my lifemate. Though, I'm sure with your status and handsome looks, another woman in the future will, of course."

"I don't want another woman, Mikayla. I want you," he snapped, stepping closer.

She abandoned her attempts at being nice and took a quick step back, lifting her hand to ward him off. “Control yourself, sir. I have picked my three potentials. You must accept that and leave me be, or I shall be forced to call in enforcers. Have I made myself clear?”

His face darkened, even as he stepped back and bit out a terse, “Crystal.”

Mikayla stepped past him and continued down the hall, but didn’t relax until she was quite a distance away again. Truly that man made her feel ill at ease.

As she approached the interview room, she forgot all about Alberts and her stomach flipped with nerves. Which was silly. She had no reason to be nervous. She knew these men—they were hardly strangers. But today she saw them on different terms, would need to consider each of them in a different light. As not just a friend, but a lover.

Would they be angry with her? The idea took root suddenly. Perhaps her friends would not welcome being forced to look upon her in a sexual way.

Well, she would soon have her answer. Outside the door, she pressed a hand against her belly and took a calming breath. She knew what the rest of the day would entail. Being courted and tempted by each of the men. There were no restrictions. If she wanted to bed all three, she was entitled.

In fact, the Elders encouraged a woman to experiment sexually before she settled down to pick her lifemate, so long as she was careful to avoid a pregnancy. A pregnancy would result in an automatic union with the child’s father. But the Elders said that experimenting safely would help her form a solidified union when she finally made her choice. As sex was a healthy part of any union, it was imperative that a woman find a man who pleased her in the bedroom.

The idea of exploring her sexual side both terrified and intrigued her. Though she would’ve been completely free to do so, she’d not once had the chance to touch a man in a manner outside of friendship. She’d been too career-driven to even think about sex. But as she’d approached her twenty-fifth birthday, she’d opened her mind to her more sensual side, and the men who’d appeared in her fantasies had been a bit of a surprise. But then, maybe it really shouldn’t have been.

Her first doubts pricked. Perhaps she was being overly optimistic. Was it even possible to find pleasure from one of her friends? Or would their friendship bond make it too awkward?

Before Mikayla could type in the code for the door, it slid open with a hiss. Her surprised gaze flicked up to the three men inside, sitting behind a desk, watching the door.

Her knees threatened to buckle at the intensity of their gazes. Where usually there was laughter and teasing amongst them all, today they stared at her as if she were water they sought for parched throats. As if they wanted to drink her dry.

*Gods...* Her eyes widened and she struggled to breathe. Perhaps the fact that she’d summoned them today was not so unpleasant to them after all.



A tremble ran through her and she lowered her gaze as heat stirred low in her body. She knew its source, but had not expected it to occur so suddenly or without finesse from the men.

Lifting her chin, she forced a smile and stepped fully into the private meeting room, showing no further reaction as the door slid shut behind her.

“Good day, gentlemen,” she said softly and with formality, as she took her seat in the large, comfortable leather chair in front of the desk.

“Good day.” All three responded at once, but with different tones.

Her nerves rushed back as she let her gaze slide over each of them. Each one, so familiar, had been woven into her life over the past twenty years, yet she couldn’t help but draw comparisons between them.

Cedric sat on the end, tall and dark-haired, his brown eyes always assessing. He was a scholar, and taught at the most prestigious college on the planet. Highly educated and quick-witted. She had always admired his intelligence and had turned to him for advice and comfort more than once over the years.

Then there was Kyle sitting in the middle, fair and blue-eyed, a competitor by nature. Truly he was one of the planet’s most decorated athletes. She had spent far too many days watching him compete in physical challenges and admiring his physique. Mikayla had always been amused that, on a planet of so few women, Kyle had somehow managed to seduce so many of them.

He was also a bit of a comedian, and whenever she felt a bit down, she could count on him to cheer her up.

And finally there was Brett, with his black hair that was a bit too long and gray eyes that revealed little emotion. He was a brilliant architect who preferred to get involved with his designs and work with his hands. Growing up, he’d been the boy who’d gotten into trouble more often than not. He had a reputation as a bit of a wild card, but beneath the surface she knew his heart to be soft.

Brett had also been the one to push her to do things she might have been too afraid to do. He’d helped shape her into the strong woman she was today. Had taught her how important it was to hold her ground on the parliament floor, and to stand strong in her beliefs.

She lowered her gaze from them and bit her lip to keep from sighing.

All three men were devastatingly attractive and successful in their chosen fields. They were men any of the women on the planet would be honored to have as her lifemate. And Mikayla couldn’t help but thank the Gods they hadn’t been snatched up before now.

“I know you all are probably a bit surprised to find yourselves here,” she began, her voice husky. “I know the bonds we share in friendship are unbreakable. But as the time has come for me to choose my lifemate, and the idea is a bit terrifying, to say the least, I realized that choosing a friend to become my lover is perhaps ideal.”

She held her breath, waiting for their reaction.

“Quite understandable, Mikayla.” Cedric spoke first, his voice soft and gentle. “Please know that we are all honored to be considered as your lifemate.”

“Are you?” she blurted before she could stop herself. Her cheeks flamed at her own insecurity, but she refused to lower her gaze.

Cedric continued to watch her with a gentleness that almost helped settle her nerves, but then she saw the amused smirk on Brett’s face and grew uncomfortable again. And then there was Kyle, who just continued to watch her with a hunger that left her mouth dry.

She cleared her throat. “Perhaps we should begin and see who will be the first to...court me.”

Court was such a polite word, because what would likely happen during each of their meetings was nothing less than primitive. Well, at least she hoped it would be with the one with whom she had chemistry on a sexual level.

“Yes, perhaps that would be wise,” Brett drawled.

Mikayla hesitated, her hand trembling as she pulled an envelope free from her pocket. Her gaze darted up to meet Brett’s and her stomach sank. Despite the other men’s assurances, he was clearly not pleased.

Well, it just made him more likely to be eliminated as a possibility. Her throat tightened, and she wondered why the realization made her a bit unhappy.

She lifted the envelope into the air. “In my hand I hold the letter from the Elders. On it is written who has been chosen to begin the courting.”

There was silence at her statement, though she did not miss the tension that now appeared in all three men’s bodies. Their gazes locked on the letter with obvious anticipation.

Seeing no reason to delay the answer any further, she slit the envelope and pulled out the letter, reading the contents quickly. Her pulse quickened and she licked her lips before raising her head and staring at Kyle.

“Kyle, it appears you have been chosen as the first.”

Kyle’s eyes lit up with pleasure, while Cedric’s face fell and Brett’s scowl deepened.

Gods, she wished she could read their minds. She wanted to know exactly what each man thought of her picking him today as one of her three potentials. What they thought of essentially being forced into this situation.

*But then you will likely know that after you spend time alone with each man.* Her cheeks heated at the thought of what could happen during that time.

Mikayla stood and attempted to look confident. “Kyle, you have my company for the next few hours. Shall we?”

With a quick nod, Kyle rose to his feet and came around the desk. He offered his arm and she took it with a grateful smile. At least he still maintained his manners.

“According to the letter, Brett will be next to meet with me, and then Cedric,” she announced, glancing back at the table. “You will be summoned when it is your turn.”

“And I’ll await your summoning eagerly,” Brett said mockingly.

Cedric cast him a furious look and perhaps kicked him under the table, because Brett’s smirk faded and his gaze drifted away.

Mikayla sighed inwardly. Yes, it appeared that all the men had discussed the situation and perhaps were less than thrilled. Maybe she’d been too hasty in her selections.

“Come, Mikayla,” Kyle said gently, and led her toward the door.

She gave a nod and followed after him.

## Chapter Two

Brett watched Mikayla leave the room with Kyle and clenched his hands on the table. It wasn't right. None of it. The four of them had been friends since they'd been in nappies. And now three of them would be competing for Mikayla's love. How dare she put them all in this situation?

"I don't like it," he muttered quietly.

"Nor do I, my friend," Cedric agreed with a grimace. "But what choice do we have? Within the next twenty-four hours, Mikayla will have made her decision and we'll go back to life as normal. Only one of us will continue as her lifemate. The rest of us go back into the queue, waiting and hoping to be picked by the next woman."

"This is ridiculous. The entire situation. Why would she try to make one of us her lover?"

Cedric snorted. "Are you serious, Brett? Tell me that you have not imagined Mikayla in that light. That you have not imagined her breasts and what they must look like beneath that dress."

Brett gave a harsh laugh. "Of course I have. We all have. We've watched her grow from a girl into a beautiful woman."

"I never dared let myself hope all these years she would pick one of us as a lifemate," Cedric confessed. "Since I always assumed she looked at us as her brothers. I must say I'm thrilled and honored to realize otherwise."

"We all are, but the competitiveness it creates between us can't be healthy."

"Who's to say? I've always found a bit of competition to be good for a person."

"But already we're off to an unfair start," Brett argued. "Kyle is at an advantage being the first to court her, the first to touch her. Mikayla is an innocent. The chances of her forming an attachment to the first man who touches her are pretty strong."

"Hmm. I hadn't considered that. You could be right," Cedric agreed with a sigh, looking more miserable with the realization. "Perhaps we're destined to be loverless the rest of our lives."

Brett released a soft laugh and shook his head. "Not entirely loverless, my friend."

Cedric's cheeks flushed and he cleared his throat. "Of course, I meant without a woman."

Brett felt the familiar stirring of desire for the other man. Growing up in a community with so few women, it wasn't uncommon for men to experiment with each other or to take male lovers. In fact, it was only just a few years ago, on a hunting expedition and after a bit of ale, that he had become lovers with

Cedric and Kyle. It had seemed a natural progression of their friendship, and they still indulged in it to this day.

“I understand your frustration, though.” Brett thrust a hand through his hair. “I hate to see this wedge forced between us, but I do want a woman in my life and I want children some day. Mikayla would be a wonderful lifemate.”

“Yes,” Cedric agreed. “And I want the same. I’ve pictured her. Mikayla as my lifemate, her belly swollen with my child.”

Brett nodded, not surprised as he’d had similar visions. “She is a beautiful woman. I confess to spending many nights fantasizing about her legs wrapped around my waist.”

“Her breasts. Gods, what I wouldn’t give to hold them. Taste them,” Cedric breathed.

Brett grunted in agreement, even as his gaze slipped to the crotch of the other man’s pants. Cedric’s cock pressed against the fabric and his breathing had grown more strained.

“We have several hours before Mikayla returns for us,” Brett murmured and pushed back his chair. He had not touched his friend in weeks, and the desire to do so now grabbed hold. “Why not make use of them?”

Cedric hesitated, though his gaze darkened. “Do you think that wise? What if they return early?”

“Do I look like I care about wise at this moment?” Brett scoffed and pushed Cedric’s chair back. He eased the man’s knees wide and then knelt between them. “Besides, if you truly wanted me to stop, Cedric, you’d tell me.”

“Gods, don’t you dare stop. Not now that you’ve nearly got my cock in your hands.”

Brett grinned and unfastened his friend’s trousers. “It wasn’t my hands I was imagining you in.”

Cedric let out a hiss as Brett pulled his erection free and stroked the tip from shaft to head. He lowered his mouth and caressed the tip with his tongue, reveling in the musky scent of his friend. Sliding his hands into Cedric’s pants, Brett cupped his balls and then brought his cock fully past his lips. The musky smell and familiar taste of his friend spurred him to draw him deep.

Cedric let out a soft moan, clutching Brett’s hair as Brett moved his mouth up and down his shaft. Loving the control he had over the other man, Brett teased him closer to the edge. It was always about control. He paused to graze his teeth against Cedric’s flesh before soothing it with his tongue.

“You sadist,” Cedric groaned. “Please. Make me come.”

“I am a bit of a sadist, as you well know.” Brett smiled and drew the other man’s cock fully into his mouth again, sliding him in and out, while massaging his sac harder. A moment later, he felt Cedric’s balls tighten in his hand and then he let out a hoarse cry, spilling himself into Brett’s mouth.

Minutes later, Brett stood and licked his lips with a satisfied smile. “I’ve missed you, Cedric.”

“And I you.” Cedric stood, his narrowed gaze still filled with heat. “I enjoy our moments together. With Kyle as well. But for now, Brett, I’ve got a bit of an inkling to return the favor.”

“Do you now?” Brett’s blood pounded a bit faster as Cedric pushed him back into the chair so their positions were reversed.

“Mmm-hmm. Besides, when have you known me not to reciprocate?” Cedric arched a brow while deftly undoing Brett’s trousers.

Brett’s cock slipped free, long and pulsing with need. He drew in a quick breath, already imagining the feel of Cedric sucking him.

“Well then, get on with it already,” Brett murmured and guided the other man’s head down between his legs.

Cedric gave a soft moan before his lips closed over the head of Brett’s cock.

Brett ground his teeth together at the exquisite suction Cedric was so talented at. He lifted his hips to press his erection deeper into Cedric’s mouth.

Brett’s frustration with their situation with Mikayla and his heightened arousal pushed him past his usual limits. He grabbed Cedric’s hair, using him a bit rougher than usual as he fucked his mouth.

The other man didn’t protest, but took him easily, while gently rubbing his sac and urging him to a quick climax. It didn’t take long before Brett cried out his pleasure and spurted his seed down his friend’s throat.

“Gods, you are a talented bastard,” Brett muttered raggedly, then grabbed Cedric, dragging him up so he could cover the man’s mouth in a thorough kiss.

He tasted himself as he stroked his tongue against Cedric’s, and gave a groan of appreciation. Lifting his head, he sighed.

“Thank you, Cedric, and I’m sorry. I should have been gentler with you.”

Cedric licked his lips and gave a wry grin, returning to sit in one of the chairs. “Hardly. You know I enjoy you with an edge.

They were quiet for a bit, both lost in their own thoughts.

Finally, Cedric sighed and shook his head. “My thoughts have returned to Mikayla, and I’ve got to say that this frustrates me, this entire situation she has placed us in. I hate that she has to choose between us.”

“I do, too.” Brett drummed his fingers on the table and tilted his head. “Perhaps there’s a way around it.”

“Oh? What are you thinking?”

“I’m not quite sure. But I’ll let you know when I figure it out.” Brett gave a rueful laugh. “Though, right now, I’m sure Kyle is thanking the Gods that he has first rights to Mikayla. The lucky shit...”

“I thought perhaps we could go to the river and spend our time there?” Mikayla cast a sideways glance at Kyle, her heart fluttering at how impressive he was in appearance. He was so broad in the shoulders, with massive muscles in his arms that strained beneath his shirt.

“That sounds lovely, kitten.” He stared down at her, flashing white teeth in a smile that had her stomach flipping in a way it never had before. Perhaps it was because he’d never given her *that* look until today.

They crossed the open fields where soldiers trained in their midday sessions. She felt the gazes of some of the men on her. But then she was accustomed to it by now, all the women on the planet were used to being stared at.

A few minutes later, they arrived at the river and the location she’d had set up. She’d wanted to spend her time with the men in a place where she felt comfortable, and where there was a bit of privacy. She could have simply booked an interview room—which, of course, held a bed—but there was something more romantic and genuine about this spot along the river. And perhaps, if she were honest with herself, she could admit that it had sentimental value to the four of them. How many days had they spent picnicking and swimming here in the summers?

She glanced at the water, enjoying the beauty of the blue crystal droplets shimmering in the summer sun as they tumbled over themselves in the fast-moving river. And the pleasant white noise of the rushing water would be a lovely backdrop to her day.

It was a beautiful area. There was a blanket spread upon the ground, and a basket full of food to dine upon. She smoothed her dress and sat, curling her legs beneath her.

“That dress looks lovely on you,” Kyle murmured.

She flushed, even knowing he had always been skilled with flattery. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. It makes you look taller.”

Mikayla threw back her head and laughed, a habit she was well used to when spending time with Kyle. “You lie. I’m petite at best.”

“Yes, you are, and always have been. It’s no wonder we always had difficulty finding you during our hiding games as a child.”

“Gods, stop it!” she laughed harder and slapped his leg lightly. “You make fun.”

“I wouldn’t dream of it.”

Kyle grinned and sank down next to her, then leaned back on his elbows, crossing one leg over another. The action drew his shirt taut over his abdomen, highlighting the muscles beneath.

A flutter occurred low in her belly and she bit her lip, shifting her gaze away. What was the matter with her? He was fully clothed and this was hardly the first occasion she’d spent time with him alone.

“Mikayla,” Kyle said softly and caught her hand. “What made you choose us?”

Her cheeks warmed and she shrugged. “Well, basically it was like I said. I suppose I hate the idea of making a strange man my lifemate. I know you three. I adore you and would trust each one of you with my life.” She lifted her gaze and searched his eyes. The unease hit again—was she forcing them into this? She whispered, “Am I being terribly selfish?”

His blue gaze darkened, flickered with heat. “No, kitten. Not selfish at all. Though you’ve put us in one hell of a predicament.”

“Have I? How so?” Her heart skipped and she ran her tongue across her mouth.

Kyle’s gaze dropped to observe the movement.

“Because all three of us would give our souls to possess you,” he said roughly and, with a light tug of his hand, pulled her so that she fell across his chest. He reclined fully onto the blanket and slid his hands up her waist. “To win your love.”

Surprise rushed through her. Truly? They all wanted more than just friendship from her?

Her pulse quickened and she wondered if she should feel guilty for acting so wantonly. But dear Gods it felt wonderful to lie across his hard body like this. Across Kyle. How strange...

“All of you? But Brett didn’t seem happy in the least.”

Kyle laughed. “He’s just infuriated that I was chosen to court you first. The man is more competitive than he likes to let on.” He slid his hand down to her ass, cupping her through the thin cotton. “But fortunately I am too, kitten. Do I have your permission to continue?”

Continue. Oh Gods, she could not even begin to comprehend what that entailed, but she wanted it. Not trusting her voice, she gave a slight nod.

Triumph flickered in his gaze as he slid one hand up to cradle the back of her head, pulling her mouth down to his. His mouth was entirely too skilled, coaxing her lips apart before his tongue slipped inside.

She met his commanding touch, hesitantly flicking her tongue against his. Heat bloomed in her body as she let her weight rest fully on him. He threaded his fingers through her hair and tilted her head, deepening the kiss.

Warmth slid through Mikayla’s body, gathering heavily between her legs. She squirmed against him, needing more than the kiss, but not sure how to ask for it.

But Kyle seemed to know exactly what she needed, because he lifted one leg between her thighs so that she straddled him. His knee wedged against her pussy, sending all kinds of sparks of pleasure through her.

She cried out and lifted her head, bracing her hands on either side of his body, rocking back and forth on his knee in search of that ultimate pleasure.

“You need to slow down, kitten,” he murmured and slid his hands up her ribcage to cup her breasts. “This is just the beginning.”



Oh Gods! Mikayla closed her eyes. If this was just the beginning of pleasure, then she was in a heap of trouble.

Even through the cotton of her dress, Kyle could feel the soft lushness of her breasts and the press of her hardened nipples into his palms.

Gods, how had he gotten so lucky to have been chosen first? And now that he'd had a taste of her, how could he possibly let Mikayla leave after their meeting? Let her not choose him? The idea sent a wash of cold through him.

She was a hot little thing. So responsive and curious. Out of all the women he'd seduced, Mikayla was the only one who fired his blood like this—who created such an urge to possess and protect. And the bitch of it was, he knew Cedric and Brett felt the exact same way.

But right now he couldn't think about his friends, who also happened to be his lovers. He had to take advantage of this moment, because as he'd said, it was a competition. A competition to win Mikayla's heart and the honor of being her lifemate. And by Gods, he'd do whatever the hell it took.

Desire roared through him and, in a practiced move, he rolled her beneath him so he could seduce away any of her inhibitions.

Mikayla's eyes fluttered open, the arousal in them making her irises greener than usual. Her pale blonde hair fanned out on the blanket, while her red lips were swollen and parted. The vision of him sliding his cock between them filled his head instantly.

He ground his teeth together and willed himself to slow down. This wasn't about seeking his own pleasure. It was about giving pleasure. With the flat of his palm, he drew his hand down her body, pausing to massage her breasts before continuing down to the apex of her thighs.

Through her dress he felt the heat of her sex burning his palm, and suddenly he wanted so much more. Her pleasure would become his. It had been months since he'd last tasted pussy, and the urge to feast on hers hit strong.

"Kyle," she whispered, her body writhing on the blanket. "I'm so hot. I need—"

"I know what you need, kitten." He flashed her another smile and reached for the hem of her dress, rolling it up her silky legs, over her smooth thighs, until the blonde curls and slit of her sex appeared.

"Kyle? What are you... I'm not sure I'm ready for—"

"Trust me, it's not what you think, kitten," he assured her gently.

Her cheeks bloomed with the most becoming pink flush as uncertainty flashed in her eyes.

Kyle pushed her knees up and then wide. The scent of her arousal was a potent aphrodisiac, as was the shimmering proof between the folds of her sex.

It was a bit fascinating, having her spread before him like a decadent feast. This was Mikayla, the girl who'd come faithfully to all his competitions. Smiling and waving, teasing him from the sidelines. Who'd

always treated him as nothing more than a friend. And now she trembled on the blanket beneath him, her body wet and swollen, begging for him.

His cock hardened as he reached out and rubbed his thumb over her slit, discovering the cream there. Mikayla's hips lifted against his touch and he smiled at her eagerness. He replaced his thumb with his middle finger and slid it into her channel. This time she let out a startled whimper. Damn, she was a tight little thing.

"Relax, kitten." He kissed her knee while working his finger in and out of her, and then, when her body began to ease around him, he brought his thumb in to find her clit.

Her body clenched around him and she cried out. Had she come simply from one touch? Amazement slipped through him as he pulled his finger from her. He could wait no longer in his need to taste her.

Sliding onto his stomach, he lay down on the blanket between her splayed thighs and buried his face between her legs. His tongue was everywhere, flicking her clit and then probing her hot, moist center to drink her juices.

Mikayla moaned in pleasure, her voice mingling with the rush of the river beside them. She gripped his hair and rode his mouth like she'd been doing this for years. But he knew of her inexperience and it made him even harder.

Gods, she tasted like the sweetest nectar, so potent and addictive. He wanted more. Could not possibly get enough. He flicked her clit faster and her thighs trembled around his head and her ass arched off the blanket. He lapped at her cream as she climaxed, following her with his mouth as she tried to move away. Finally, she went limp beneath him, gasping for breath.

Kyle sat up and pulled her dress back down her legs, covering her once more. "You are an absolute delight, kitten."

Mikayla sat up, eyes wide and appearing completely stunned. "Kyle, that was... Gods, I never thought it was possible..."

"It is not just possible, it is a guarantee." He cupped her cheek, running his thumb across her mouth. "Tell me, Mikayla, if you would like to proceed."

## Chapter Three

She stared at him and then lowered her lashes. “I should have been more forthright, Kyle. I have decided to only give myself completely to whomever I choose as my lifemate.” She looked at him again, guilt in her gaze. “Are you angry?”

“No, kitten,” he admitted truthfully. He had suspected she might feel that way. Mikayla was always cautious in her decisions. Took time to weigh her options and explore every possible solution. Why would she be any different with sex? “I could never be angry with you. You know me better than that.”

“Thank you, Kyle.”

He stood and reached out a hand to help her to her feet. “Thank you, Mikayla. For considering me as a lifemate and giving me this opportunity today.”

“Well, obviously I enjoyed it.” A pretty flush filled her cheeks as she offered a slight smile.

He wagged his eyebrows and murmured, “I must say, kitten, if I had known what a little temptress you were, I would have tried to have my way with you years ago.”

Mikayla laughed and tugged her hand away. “You’re a terrible flirt, Kyle. But then I won’t pretend to be surprised.”

“Mmm. If you choose me, Mikayla, I know I could make you very happy.” He stepped forward and cupped her face gently, lowering his head to brush another light kiss across her mouth. “Sure I can’t convince you to linger a bit longer?”

She slid her arms around his waist and embraced him, burying her face against his chest. “I’m sure. I really must go back and meet with Brett and Cedric as well. It would only be fair.”

“I know, kitten. I was just teasing.” *Somewhat*. He smoothed his hand down her back, wishing his stomach weren’t so tight with trepidation. “Come. I will walk you back.”

They walked back to the compound, chatting quietly and discussing topics that she considered safe, which left her much more at ease. Even if her body still hummed from the intoxicating experience down by the river.

As they turned onto the path that led to the compound, Mikayla spotted a flash of red in the trees and stumbled.

“What’s the matter, kitten?” Kyle asked with a frown.

She stared at the trees and, sure enough, Alberts strode out a moment later. Had he been following them? Watched what had occurred between her and Kyle? The idea made her nauseous.

Kyle followed her gaze to where Alberts turned down another path up ahead and frowned.

“Do you know him?” he asked.

“I do...his name is William Alberts. He is wealthy and hungers for power. Recently he has tried to buy his way into the parliament...of course without success. He’s expressed displeasure that I did not pick him as one of my possible lifemates.”

“What an arrogant fool. I don’t like the idea of him following you around, Mikayla.”

“I don’t either,” she muttered. “I’ll keep an eye out for him in the future.”

“Do so. And if you notice anything further that seems strange, promise to tell Cedric, Brett, or myself.”

“Of course.” She clung more tightly to his arm, feeling secure because of his strength and the knowledge that all three men would go to great lengths to protect her.

She paused as they entered the hallway in the compound. “Kyle, before I return to the meeting room, I’d like a few minutes to compose myself.”

“Of course, Mikayla.” He turned and caught her hand, lifting it to his lips and brushing a kiss across her knuckles. His gaze, so hot and promising, held hers. “Our moment at the river...know that I’ll cherish it always, kitten. No matter which one of us you choose.”

Her heart thumped in her chest and she managed a nod and a weak smile, before turning to walk to her lavatory.

When she gazed into the mirror, she noticed that her cheeks were still flushed with pleasure. Gods, who would have guessed she’d find her future lifemate in the first man she took to the river? Who could have ever guessed it would be Kyle?

But there was no denying it. On top of a solid friendship was the possibility of so much more. She’d seen that glimpse just now. The man was charming, sexy, and could make her laugh. *And make her come.*

She closed her eyes and pressed her hands against her hot cheeks.

Meeting with Cedric and Brett would of course be a formality at this point, but she owed them both at least that much after having put them through this process.

After a few more minutes alone, she left the lavatory and made her way back to the small meeting room. She dialed in the code and let the door swish open.

Inside the room, the three men again sat together, talking quietly, but their attention shifted to her as she stepped forward.

For the quickest moment, she wondered if Kyle had told the other two something. That perhaps he had informed them of what had transpired between them. A blush stole up her chest at the idea of them knowing.

Her gaze first sought Kyle's and her breath caught at the possessiveness in his gaze. He winked and her pulse raced. Once more she felt the flesh between her legs dampen. Gods, how could a man create such havoc on her senses with just a look!

She tore her attention from him and shifted it to the other two, biting her lip. Cedric appeared worried and anxious, probably wondering what his chances were. While Brett stared at her with an aloofness that was unsettling, he apparently was still not thrilled. And yet he was next in line to spend time with her.

Folding her hands in front of her, she offered a small smile. "Brett, are you ready?"

He moved smoothly to his feet, though his actions were unhurried as he approached her. At her side, he leaned down and murmured in her ear, "The question is, Mikayla, are you?"

A shiver of what she assumed was unease slid through her and she stepped back, forcing the smile to remain on her face. How dare he try to intimidate her? He should have known her better after all these years.

"Of course," she answered briskly. "Let's go, shall we?"

Brett didn't offer his arm as Kyle had done, but instead, in a forward gesture that pushed the boundaries of propriety, he slid his around her waist and pulled her against his side as they left the room.

Her jaw tightened and she had to fight back her irritation as she guided him to the river. Though she knew she ought to remove his arm, she was strangely reluctant to do so. She told herself it was because he was her friend and she did not want to injure his feelings. But she was all too aware of the hand he kept on her hip, and the fingers that danced on her flesh.

Once they arrived at the meeting location, she pulled away from him, realizing that she and Kyle had not even touched the basket of food earlier.

Well, it would give her and Brett something to do at least, fill the time before she returned him to the meeting room. She cast him a sideways glance as he stared out at the river. He was rather sexy, with the hard set of his jaw and his familiar, narrowed eyes. Another shiver ran through her. She probably ought to at least allow him to kiss her during their time, or it wouldn't be considered a fair experience.

"Are you hungry?" she asked brightly, settling down on the blanket once more and trying desperately not to think of what had happened between her and Kyle.

"Yes. Quite hungry."

Mikayla's head jerked up at his tone, and she paused in the midst of reaching for the basket. Another shiver went down her spine as she got the distinct impression he wasn't referring to food.

Well, she would just have to ignore that bit. "Wonderful. I've had the cook prepare meat pies and pack some fruit."

"What kind of fruit?" He sat beside her and then reached out to catch a strand of her hair, sliding it between his fingers. "I have a bit of a craving for cherry."

Again, she had the feeling he referred to something more than food. And knowing he wasn't likely to stop until she made him, she gave a nervous laugh and pulled away.

"Brett, I think it only fair to tell you," she began firmly, "that I believe Kyle will be my lifemate and the meeting between us now is just a formality."

She waited for him to get angry or protest, but instead his trademark bad-boy smirk slid across his face.

"Come on, Ms. Planetary Secretary, that's not exactly an educated decision." His gaze darkened. "Didn't anybody ever tell you not to fall for the first guy who eats your pussy?"

Brett had to restrain himself from laughing outright at the shock on her face. First she paled and then turned an amusing shade of red.

"Where are your manners?" she finally seethed. "I've seen you speak this way to other people, but not to me."

"Yes, well, we tended to shelter you a bit, but now that you're being forced to grow up essentially overnight, and become a woman in every sense of the word, I think you can handle it. Don't you agree?" he mocked, arching a brow and reached beyond her for the basket of food. "Yes, quite the spread you have here."

She went silent for a moment and then quietly asked, "So then I take it Kyle told you what happened between us?"

Before he could pop a grape into his mouth, he cast her a sidelong glance. "Boys talk, Mikayla. You of all people should know that since you've certainly spent enough time with us."

"Yes, but this is different!" she protested. "This was...private."

"Nothing is private, baby. We've all been inseparable since we could walk," he reminded her and plucked another grape. "Surely you haven't forgotten how Kyle brags about the women he sleeps with."

Her mouth tightened and she looked away, a telltale sign that she had forgotten. It was clear she was at least a little angry that Kyle had spoken so freely. Good. Brett held back a grim smile.

"Perhaps you just never realized you'd be in the same boat some day," he suggested lightly.

"I haven't slept with him yet, you know."

Brett raised an eyebrow. Now that was a surprise. Kyle hadn't admitted much more than having gone down on Mikayla and how "*fucking amazing*" she'd tasted, as he'd put it, but Brett had simply assumed Mikayla had given in and let him fuck her completely.

Brett let his gaze slide over her, unused to seeing her dressed so provocatively. Today, Mikayla was a woman who'd dressed to get fucked, whether she realized it or not.

He admired her breasts straining against the fabric of her dress, the flare of her hips, and the shadowed V between her legs that was so carefully hidden. Gods, what he wouldn't give for a taste of that sweet little pussy himself, but to stay in the game, he had to play this right.

He had a theory about her percolating in his head. Had been for years. Mikayla was always such a control freak. Neatly organized and disciplined. But maybe there were times she didn't want to be in control...and just didn't know it yet.

"I haven't slept with him," she repeated firmly, obviously taking his silence as an indication that he didn't believe her.

He gave her a slight smile and lifted one shoulder in an insolent shrug. "And why's that, Mikayla? If you're so convinced that Kyle is your lifemate, why not just spread your legs for him?"

Her flashing green eyes were the only warning he got before she lurched forward to slap him. In an instant, he caught her wrist and had her pinned beneath him on the blanket.

"Baby, I don't think you have the slightest clue what you want," he murmured, placing her wrists above her head and restraining them firmly in one hand.

"Not you, that's for certain," she ground out, her eyes sparking with anger now. "Get off me, Brett. You're acting deplorably. I have no desire for you to touch me."

"Don't you?" he challenged and swept his gaze down her body. As he watched, her nipples tightened beneath the purple dress she wore. "You might surprise yourself. Maybe you're not after the playboy who gets all the girls, but instead the guy who's a little more rough around the edges."

"Rough?" she scoffed and bucked beneath him. "Try serrated. You could cut and leave scars with your persona, Brett. Get off me!"

Brett gave a soft laugh, thrilled to see some of Mikayla's usual personality and fire returning. She'd been so damn docile after returning with Kyle, unlike her usual self. But now she was back, writhing beneath him in a way that brushed each square inch of her body against his. Demanding that he let her go, even though in her eyes he could see the spark of arousal growing.

"I think you like it, Mikayla."

"Like hell."

"No, you do," he muttered, pleased now that his instinct had been right. He let his weight fall more heavily onto her, pinning her firmly to the ground, then he lowered his mouth to just above hers. "I think, baby, that you like to be dominated, if just a little bit."

"No—"

He cut off her protest, crushing her mouth beneath his.

Mikayla tried to knee him in the groin, but couldn't move her legs. When she turned her head, his mouth followed, conquering hers.

And then the strangest thing happened. The blazing rage slipped into a parallel emotion that terrified her. Despite her anger with Brett's crude behavior, her body reveled in it. Her nipples tightened into even harder points and her pussy was now soaked.

With a groan, her lips parted helplessly beneath his masterful kiss, and his tongue plunged inside to control hers. To dominate as he'd threatened. And Gods help her, but she wanted him to.

With a whimper of surrender, she stopped trying to free her wrists, instead taking pleasure in the firm grip that held her still for his sensual attack. Yielding to the loss of control.

She burned with the helplessness and intensity of the moment. Fire sizzled through her blood and she could do nothing but love the feel of his hard body pinning her to the ground and kiss him back fervently.

Brett's mouth tore from hers and she gave a cry of protest. But then he nuzzled her breasts through her dress before his mouth closed over one tight nipple.

She moaned as he sucked her, soaking through the cotton and drawing on her flesh. Each pull sent a dart of pleasure from her breast to her pussy.

Her legs writhed beneath him and she again tugged at her wrists, not wanting him to release her anymore, but instead reassuring herself that he was in control.

Brett's teeth closed over her nipple and he bit down hard enough to send pain and pleasure exploding through her. She gasped, beyond thinking, only feeling.

His hand covered her thigh, jerking up her dress and then sliding beneath to find her pussy. A moment later he plunged two fingers into her and she let out a ragged whimper.

Brett wasn't gentle as Kyle had been, but then she didn't want him to be. The sounds of her wetness mingled with the river as he fucked her ruthlessly with his fingers, driving her toward that cliff of oblivion. And then, when he took it farther and pressed his thumb into the small hole between her buttocks, she was there. Willingly hurling over the edge.

She screamed as her body quaked with ecstasy. Let the lights flash in her head as she struggled to find her breath again. Her heart pounded furiously and her surroundings were nothing but a blur as she swam in an aftermath of sensation.

What had happened? What the hell had just happened?

She wasn't aware Brett had released her wrists until he cupped her face gently in his hands, staring down at her with a heated, knowing gaze. He took her mouth in another thorough, possessive kiss, until her body trembled and heat reignited in her blood.

When he lifted his head, she clung to him.

"You see, baby. It's not easy to know what you want until you've tried it all." He bit her bottom lip just firmly enough to show that even though he'd let her go, he still had control. "Make an educated decision."

"I hate you," she whispered.



He froze and lifted his head again to search her gaze, the uncertainty now clear in his gray eyes. “Do you?”

“No. Not even a little.” Her voice cracked and she shut her eyes.

She was more confused than ever. How could she have responded so intensely to Brett’s touch after what had happened not even an hour ago with Kyle? How could she have loved what had just happened between them?

“I’m sorry, baby. I just thought some things are better shown than explained. Are you all right?” he asked gruffly, touching her cheek.

“I just...please, I’d like to be alone right now.” She swallowed hard. “Could you tell Cedric that I will return to him...in a bit?”

There was silence and then Brett sighed. “Of course.”

He touched her cheek again and then brushed his lips across her forehead. “You must know how much you mean to me, Mikayla. You’ve always meant the world to me. I’d kill for you, give my life for you. You know if you picked me you’d always be safe. You’d always be loved, baby.”

She choked on a sob, his words tightening her heart. She remembered the time as children when he’d punched a boy who’d called her ugly. She hadn’t been the prettiest child, and she’d grown into her looks. But Brett had always been so quick to defend her. It was another reason he’d always held a place in her heart.

“I’ll leave you now, Mikayla. But remember what just happened between us and everything I’ve said.”

She nodded, and only after she heard him walk away did the tears fill her eyes.

## Chapter Four

Cedric sat up the moment he heard the door hiss open. His gaze sought out Brett's as the other man entered the room. Judging by the tension in Brett's body, he had the sinking feeling the visit hadn't gone well.

"How was it?" Kyle asked cautiously.

"Pretty fucking great," Brett muttered, thrusting his hands through his hair. "Well, unless you consider the bit where she was crying when I left her."

What the fuck? Cedric rose to his feet and let out a growl of rage. "Why the hell was she crying?"

"Because she's confused," Brett snarled and his gaze landed on Cedric. "And she'll be even more so after you touch her."

"She responded to your touch?" Kyle asked, uncertainty and disbelief in his voice now.

"Yes."

Cedric waited to see if he'd elaborate, but he didn't. He wasn't all that surprised, as Brett had always been the most private of them all.

"I see." Kyle nodded, though he clearly appeared disappointed. "I don't understand. I thought we... Perhaps she's simply a responsive woman, and enjoys sex no matter who the—"

"Don't imply such!" Brett crossed the room in an instant, thrusting Kyle's massive form against the wall. "Don't you ever fucking imply such a thing about Mikayla."

"I agree with Brett," Cedric said. "I don't think that's the case with Mikayla in the slightest."

Brett released Kyle with a curse, blinking in dismay. "Gods. What am I doing? Forgive me, my friend. I lost my head for a moment."

Kyle gave a sharp laugh and straightened his shirt. "Yes, I fear we all do over Mikayla. It was wrong for me to imply she enjoys any man's touch. I am just a bit...stressed, to say the least."

They all were. Cedric's gut clenched with worry as he thought about Mikayla in tears. Was it truly because she was confused by her response to Brett and Kyle's touch? Gods, in all the years he'd known her, he'd never once seen her cry. She was too proud. Too strong.

And what possibly could explain her responding to both Brett and Kyle? Cedric considered the options in his head, before sharing them aloud.

“Perhaps,” he suggested carefully, “it is because you both are skilled in pleasing a woman, and since you already have the foundation of friendship with her... I mean, there’s no guarantee whatsoever she would respond equally to my touch.”

“That’s possible,” Brett agreed and moved behind Kyle to massage the other man’s shoulder, an obvious gesture of apology for their conflict a moment ago. “We will know more after you touch her, Cedric. Though I’m certain she will respond to you equally.” He slid his hands down Kyle’s chest to rub his pectoral muscles. “Because I am certain there is a solid chemistry between the four of us. We’ve already acted on it, but we never brought Mikayla into the equation, because none of us thought she saw any of us as more than a brother.”

“Until today,” Kyle finished, eyes shining with pleasure from Brett’s touch, and the realization about Mikayla.

“Exactly,” Cedric agreed slowly.

How had he not seen it before? They had always had a bond between the four of them, a certain chemistry. They’d simply not included Mikayla on the sexual side because she’d never shown any sign of interest outside the platonic. She’d been untouchable. Until today, or last night, when they’d all been notified that they were on her list of potential lifemates. And suddenly they were allowed to dream, to hope, and best of all...to touch.

“So what do we do?” Kyle asked, lifting one of Brett’s hands and placing a kiss upon the palm. “I swear, I’m going mad imagining her picking just one of us.”

“Well, maybe she doesn’t have to pick just one of us,” Brett said abruptly. “Maybe she could pick all of us.”

“All of us?” Cedric echoed sharply, his tone full of skepticism. “Is that even a possibility? Would the Elders approve?”

Kyle scowled. “Would *Mikayla* approve?”

“I think she would,” Brett said with a slow nod and stepped away from Kyle to begin pacing the room. “I really do. Think of how much she adores us all, how we were naturally her first choices as the top three potentials. Add in that she’s already responded quite fervently to both Kyle and me. The question is, would you all be satisfied with such an arrangement?”

“Of course I would,” Cedric said without hesitation. “You are my friends and lovers, as I hope Mikayla will be. I would love to be lifemated to you all.”

“Agreed,” Kyle said, his gaze softening.

“Then it’s settled.” Brett said. “I will approach the Elders and see if it’s even a possibility. I will plead our case for immediate consideration. In the meantime, Cedric, you should go to the river and take care of Mikayla. It is now your turn to spend time with her. Perhaps she’d rather be left alone, but at this moment...I really don’t agree that’s for best for her. She’s vulnerable. Scared by her own emotions.”

Cedric nodded. He couldn't agree more, but still, he couldn't help but selfishly fear that she would not enjoy his touch. That perhaps he would be the odd one out. He did not have the charm or seduction skills that the other two had.

Still, he could only try.

"I will head out immediately, and rejoin you both later. Good luck to you, Brett, in pleading our case."

Mikayla brushed the tears from her eyes and bit back a heavy sigh. Gods, poor Cedric. He probably felt like he'd been completely abandoned at this rate. She knew she should go back and retrieve him to begin his private meeting, but the idea left her stomach hurting.

Bring Cedric here? Why? So she could prove to herself that she was some freak who could climax at any man's touch?

The sound of branches snapping had her lifting her head in surprise. She expected to see Cedric or perhaps Brett or Kyle, but Alberts stepped into the clearing and she stumbled to her feet. Panic assailed her and she struggled to breathe.

"What are you doing here?" she asked sharply.

"I simply would like to talk with you, Mikayla. Please, hear me out."

The urge to dart past him overcame her, but she knew she wouldn't stand a chance if she tried to outrun him. And, even if she screamed, they were too far from the compound for anyone to hear them. But she knew it did not bode well in the slightest that he'd confronted her while she was alone.

"All right," she said cagily, folding her arms across her breasts. "What is it you wished to say?"

His gaze darkened as he stepped toward her. "That I know I could please you. I know I could be your lifemate, Mikayla. If you would only give me the chance."

"No." She shook her head as her heart pounded faster. Swallowing hard, she repeated, "No. You need to understand that it's simply not a possibility, and your persistence, quite frankly, is causing me more than a little discomfort."

"Not a possibility?" he sneered. "Of course it is, but you won't give me the opportunity to prove it. Good thing I believe in creating my own."

Before she could move, he reached out and grabbed her, forcing his mouth onto hers. Bile rose in her throat and she pushed against his chest, attempting to free herself. But he held her too tightly, shoving his tongue into her mouth until she gagged.

She twisted enough to wedge her knee between them, driving it up between his legs. He fell back from her with a gasp, his face going frighteningly green.

"Touch me again, and I'll have you seized!" she rasped.

"Mikayla!"

Hearing her name, she spun and ran toward the voice, pushing through the branches alongside the river until she hurled herself into Cedric's arms.

He held her tight, asking with concern, "Mikayla, what's wrong?"

"Alberts. He...attacked me." She managed to gasp out the words.

"Stay here," he snarled before setting her aside and charging back toward her picnic area.

A moment later, he returned and shook his head. "He's gone now. Would you like to go back to the compound? File an assault complaint with the local enforcers?"

Yes, everything that was terrified within her wanted to do exactly that. But then she thought of the wealth Alberts' family held, the prestige, and how he would fight any charges. It would be her word against his. Then she thought of the scandal that would eventually work its way back to the parliament and her position as Planetary Secretary.

The man was a persistent fool. She'd been plain enough in her refusal, hadn't she?

"No." She shook her head and clenched her fists. "He kissed me, but I hurt him before he could try anything more. I-I don't think he'll bother me again.

Cedric's expression was such a gentle mask of concern and anger that she felt her eyes welling with tears again. Gods, why was she so damn emotional today?

"Oh, Cedric," she drew in an unsteady breath and took a hesitant step toward him.

"Ah, come here, love." He opened his arms and she lurched into them, wrapping her arms around his waist.

Cedric stroked her back, murmuring soothing words against her ear. Then he lifted her up into his arms and carried her to the blanket, sitting down with her on his lap.

She snuggled closer, embracing the warmth and peace that slid through her. It felt so good to be held like this. She felt so protected. Cherished.

"I'm so sorry that happened," he said softly. "Are you all right?"

"Yes. I've actually been upset for a bit now, since before Alberts came along."

"Have you? Tell me what else is wrong, love."

Mikayla squeezed her eyes shut tighter, embarrassed to admit her fears about herself and her sexuality.

"Please, Mikayla." He tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and set her away just slightly, then tipped her chin up so she had to look at him. "Does it have to do with your meetings with Kyle and Brett?"

"Yes," she whispered and slipped back into her usual role with Cedric. Where she could confide in him and he would always give his wonderful advice. "I enjoyed Kyle's touch immensely. So much that I assumed he was destined to be my lifemate. But then I sat down with Brett and we argued...then we weren't arguing. We were...and it was wonderful." She swallowed hard. "Oh, Cedric, I fear I am a bit of a wanton and that I'll respond to any man who touches me."

“Not any man, Mikayla.” He touched her cheek gently. “When Alberts kissed you a moment ago, did you find it pleasing?”

She blinked in dismay. “Gods no! He disgusts me. He’s a vile, self-righteous pig!”

Cedric gave a soft laugh. “Indeed he is. You are perfectly normal, love. I don’t believe for one moment that you’ll respond to any man who touches you, or you’d have enjoyed Alberts’ touch as well,” he said, his gaze steady. “And there’s nothing wrong with your response to Kyle and Brett, you’ve known them since you were a child. There’s likely always been a physical chemistry that you simply didn’t recognize before.” He pressed two fingers against her mouth. “The question is whether you will have the same response with me.”

Her answer came with the sudden urge to flick her tongue against the tips of his finger. And she gave a small noise of surprise. Gods what was wrong with her? Certainly she couldn’t want Cedric in the same way she did Kyle and Brett...could she? Is that what he was trying to discover now?

“Mikayla?” His voice dropped an octave, her name a husky question upon his lips.

“I’m sorry,” she said, suddenly miserable with the realization that yes, Cedric did indeed seem to stir the same tingles inside her.

“You have nothing to apologize for, love.” He lifted her chin so she looked at him again. “Nothing at all.”

Tears spilled down her cheek at his patient gentleness.

“It’s just so confusing. All of it,” she whispered.

“I know,” he murmured and kissed the tears away on her cheeks. “Trust me, Mikayla. Trust all of us.”

His mouth slid lower and then she felt the first shocking caress of his lips over hers. And then he repeated the gesture, his touch unrushed and comforting.

The kiss was so natural that responding seemed almost second nature. She parted her mouth and pressed her tongue hesitantly against his bottom lip in exploration.

Cedric’s chest shook lightly against her as he let out a soft laugh. Then he used his teeth on her, biting her flesh lightly before soothing her swollen mouth with his tongue.

The hand that had been curled around her ribcage scooted higher until his thumb was just below her breasts. He sank his tongue into her mouth for the first time while his thumb made a light sweep across the underside of her breast. Her nipples tightened and her breath caught with anticipation.

But Cedric stopped and her stomach plunged with disappointment. When he lifted his head, she reluctantly opened her eyes, terrified she’d see him mocking her.

Instead she found an intriguing mix of patience, uncertainty, and hunger as his gaze searched her face.

“How does my touch make you feel, Mikayla?”

Her belly fluttered and she let out a shuddering breath. “Is it not obvious?”

Cedric's pulse quickened at her mournful response. He had of course hoped that she would find pleasure in his touch, but the seed of doubt that she might not ate a bitter hole in his gut.

But now, judging from her soft and pliant body in his arms, he realized his worries might have been for nothing. He lowered his gaze to her breasts, where his thumb just barely touched the fullness of one. The only further proof of her arousal that he needed came in the press of her nipples through her gown.

His body reacted in an instant. Even though Brett had brought him to release just hours ago, his cock hardened once more.

Moving his hand behind her neck, Cedric found the fastening that held up her dress. Deftly undoing it, he pulled at the fabric of her dress, sliding it down her body until it pooled at her waist.

His chest tightened and he rasped, "Gods, Mikayla, but you are lovely."

Her round, pale breasts were crowned with fat, berry-colored nipples, which pouted firmly in the air, begging for his touch. For his mouth.

He lifted the arm that supported her back so that she arched upward and her breasts thrust closer to his face.

"Oh, how I want you, love." He lowered his head and closed his mouth around one pink tip, drawing upon it deeply.

She cried out, squirming in his lap while she thrust her hands into his hair, clutching him to her breast.

"Oh, Cedric," she whispered. "That feels wonderful. Please don't stop."

Stop? Gods, was she mad? Stopping now would have nearly killed him. Cedric continued to suckle her while using his free hand to cup her other breast. He moved his palm to cover her breast completely, testing her weight and delightful fullness before capturing the nipple between two fingers.

Mikayla gasped once more and writhed against him, her hip brushing his stiff cock. Cedric hissed as he hardened further, wanting nothing more than to free himself, lift her dress, and thrust up into her sweet, wet sheath.

He knew she would not agree to such a thing until she was confident that he was her lifemate. But he hoped she would not have to choose. Instead he, Kyle, and Brett would need to convince Mikayla that perhaps one lifemate would never be enough for her.

After switching his mouth to her other breast, he began to suckle her gently while lowering his hand to seek her pussy, determined to bring her the release she so desperately needed.

Her heat radiated through the cotton of her dress, and when he cupped her mound, he gave a murmur of masculine pleasure at the dampness that seeped through.

Mikayla let out a shaky moan and pressed herself against his palm.

Dear Gods, this woman was such a temptress. Begging silently to be taken with her movements and soft breathy pleas. Cedric moved his finger into the folds of her pussy and sought her clit, massaging it through her dress.

He suckled the tip of her breast and watched her hips rise and fall as he continued the slow rub. He gauged her pleasure by the way her ass clenched against his lap.

“Cedric,” she pleaded, her voice higher now. “*Please.*”

Releasing her nipple with a growl, Cedric took her mouth again, thrusting his tongue deep to stroke against hers. He moved his finger a bit faster on her clit, adding more pressure.

She rocked against him, kissing him back and moaning softly. He knew the moment she was about to come because her ass clenched and she pulled her mouth away with a high-pitched whimper.

He stared down into her face, watching in amazement as her expression twisted into one of ecstasy. Her thighs clenched around his hand and her swollen lips parted as a guttural moan ripped from her throat.

Then Mikayla went limp in his embrace, her head falling back over his arm.

With a small smile, he gathered her higher in his embrace and pressed a kiss against her closed eyelids.

“What’s wrong with me, Cedric?” she asked brokenly. “Why when you three touch me do I come undone?”

“Nothing’s wrong with you, love.” He brushed a few blonde strands off her forehead. He didn’t try to woo her, or convince her that she should be with him, because right now he was hoping she wouldn’t have to choose between any of them. “And soon you’ll understand completely.”

Her eyes fluttered open. “Understand what, Cedric?”

“Trust me, love. Let’s go find Brett and Kyle.”



## Chapter Five

Mikayla sat in the soft, oversized chair that Cedric urged her into, her heart pounding as the men came to stand before her.

Gods, what did they want from her? It should have been her summoning them to reveal her decision.

“Are you comfortable, kitten?” Kyle asked. “Could we bring you something to drink?”

“Thank you, but I’m fine.” She shook her head, even though her mouth was dry from being so nervous.

She glanced around the sitting room. The room was surprisingly empty for this time of day, as it was generally a popular place for the locals to hang out within the compound. It had a lovely view of the hills outside.

With a sigh, she turned back to them and bit her lip. “If you’ve brought me here so that I may announce my decision, I’m afraid I’m not quite ready.”

All three indicated no with a shake of their head. She murmured in surprise and leaned back again. Then what did they want?

The sight of the three before her was both breathtaking and intimidating. All were solidly built, tall males, but their features contrasted. Each was so devastatingly handsome in his own way.

And today she’d been touched and pleased by them all. Each had mastered her body in a unique, but wonderfully sensual way. She’d discovered a heart-melting intimacy with each one that she couldn’t have imagined in all the years they’d grown up together.

And now she was supposed to choose just one. They seemed to be able to read her thoughts, standing with arms folded across their chests, staring down at her with narrowed gazes.

Brett’s teeth bared as he gave her a predatory smile that sent her pulse pounding. “No, baby, we don’t want you to choose one of us.”

“No, not in the least,” Cedric agreed.

Her stomach sank at what that likely meant, and she swallowed hard. “You don’t?”

Kyle stepped forward now, approaching the chair. “You see, Mikayla, we have a theory.”

“A theory?” she repeated carefully.

“Yes. Hear us out,” Cedric said with a slight smile. “Are you aware that Brett, Kyle and I became lovers years ago?”

Her mouth fell open and her pulse quickened as, unwittingly, the erotic vision of the three men making love flitted through her head. "I...no I wasn't certain. Though I confess to having suspected."

She knew that men tended to take both male and female lovers. On their planet, making love was considered a beautiful and sensual experience, no matter which gender you chose.

"Yes. We have been lovers for quite some time now, and it has strengthened our bond," Brett said, his gaze searching hers. "A bond that you already share with us, Mikayla."

A frown flitted across her face as she wondered where they were going with this. "I don't disagree, but what are you saying?"

"We already have this strong connection from having all grown up together, but beneath the surface there's been an unrecognized chemistry," Kyle continued. "Something all of us were afraid to acknowledge, but that we men were forced to face while on a hunting trip."

She shook her head. "But...how does that involve me?"

Cedric stepped forward and took her hand. "We've always wanted you as our lover, Mikayla, but until today we couldn't touch you and never thought it could be a reality."

"Until you chose to consider the three of us as a possible lifemate," Brett finished, pacing the room now.

"We think subconsciously you've always known," Kyle took her other hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Known that the chemistry and the bond we share as friends would be so much stronger once we are lovers."

Her mouth trembled as frustration and sorrow tore through her. Finally it was too much. "Do you think that I have not discovered this? I'm going mad! How can I possibly pick between you when I melt in all your arms? When each one of you makes me feel happy, aroused, and loved. I simply can't do it!"

"Then don't," Brett urged roughly. "Pick all of us."

*All of them?* Mikayla slumped back, her mouth flapping in dismay. Shock had her heart pounding and the breath catching in her throat.

Pick all of them... Was it even possible? Her gaze slipped to the three men, taking in their adamant expressions.

"How can I?" she finally croaked.

"I have spoken with the Elders," Brett said and approached her slowly, coming to kneel in front of her. All three men now surrounded her chair. "They are willing to grant permission on one condition. That you spend one night with the three of us before making your decision. Then, you will meet with the Elders alone and confirm your decision. If it is deemed that you wish to be lifemated with us all, your desire will be granted."

Her head spun with the news. She wouldn't have to choose, but could keep all three as her lifemates. Had that ever been done before?

“You all would be willing to share me?” she whispered.

“Of course.”

“Without a doubt.”

“Yes.”

They all spoke at once, but all three’s statements confirmed their desire to share her. If their words were not enough to convince her, the hunger and possessiveness in their gazes was.

“Would you like time to think about it?” Cedric asked softly, tracing the inside of her palm with his thumb.

Mikayla hesitated and then closed her eyes. Images assailed her. Images of the four of them by the river, touching each other and giving pleasure. Joining together in manners that had her cheeks heating to scorching levels.

The idea of being loved by them all and not having to choose had tears of relief welling in her eyes and her throat tightening with emotion.

“No,” she whispered and opened her eyes.

The disappointment was evident in the sudden tension in their bodies and devastation in their eyes.

“No. I don’t need time to think about it,” she said firmly, her resolve growing. “I would love nothing more than to be lifemated with the three of you.”

Kyle gave a whoop of joy and swept her out of the chair, spinning her around and smacking a kiss on her mouth. As a laugh ripped from her throat, she was handed over to Brett, who immediately claimed her lips. When he lifted his head, she struggled to catch her breath and fell into Cedric’s waiting arms.

“I told you to trust me, love.” His dark gaze danced as he leaned down to brush her lips in a light kiss.

A moment later, her feet were back on the ground, but she was still unsteady.

Cedric’s hand came to rest on her shoulder. “You must first spend the night with us, love, and there is a room prepared for the consummation.”

Her body burned with the statement. Moisture gathered heavily between her legs and she struggled to breathe at the thought of what would likely take place in such a short amount of time.

“You are pleased with the outcome?” Kyle murmured softly.

“I couldn’t have dreamed of a better one.” She blinked away tears of joy and placed a hand on her belly, which swirled with anticipation. “I confess to being a bit nervous, however. How will we...all of us...at once?”

Brett laughed, the sound echoing in the room. “We will teach you, baby, and enjoy every moment of it.”

Her cheeks burned with a blush, but she couldn’t resist asking, “Do you...when the three of you are together...” She cleared her throat and her blush deepened. “I mean, do you all pleasure each other at once?”

“Oh yes, kitten. On many occasions,” Kyle murmured and exchanged heated glances with the other men in the room. “But instead of talking about this with you, it’s really much more pleasurable if we simply demonstrate.”

Mikayla pulled her hair from beneath the instant dryer and tightened the belt on her robe about her waist.

The bath she’d taken in preparation of their union had helped to ease her nerves a bit, but she still found her stomach flipping with anxiety. She was pretty sure it had to do with the fact that she was nearly naked, and was about to walk into a room with three virile men who would soon be her lifemates.

Looking in the mirror, she saw her skin dewy from the steam in the room. Her hair, now fully dry, hung just past her breasts in pale, shiny strands. But her eyes held the excitement and apprehension of what would happen next.

Knowing her men would likely break down the door if she didn’t come out soon, she drew in a deep breath and pressed the button that had the lavatory door sliding open.

The three stood deep in discussion. But the moment they realized her presence, they swung to her, their bodies growing tense, and their gazes filling with desire and anticipation.

She swallowed hard and, to not focus entirely on the intensity of their stares, she wrapped her arms around her stomach and turned around to look at the room.

There were a few candles lit, more for decoration than necessity. Cozy chairs were strewn about, and the teletron that the men had been watching hung on the wall. But it was the massive bed in the middle of the room that really drew her attention. It was easily large enough to accommodate the four of them. Immediately the image of tangled limbs flickered in her head and heat stole through her, leaving her body taut with awareness.

“You look delicious, baby. Good enough to eat,” Brett said and approached first. He cupped her face in his large hands and lowered his head, claiming her mouth in a gentle but thorough kiss.

Her body awoke to his touch, tingling to life with the promise of what the night would bring.

And then she felt the heat of a man’s erection against her lower back and gasped. Her pulse skyrocketed as his hands slid around her waist and upward to cup her breasts.

“If you’d like to change your mind, kitten...” Kyle’s voice came warm and husky against her ear, as he pinched her nipples, “...the time to tell us is now.”

A delicious shiver ran through her at being sandwiched between the two. Mikayla’s head fell back against Kyle’s hard chest and she closed her eyes. Walk away from this? Though the idea of what was to come frightened her a bit, the thought of walking away from the three men she loved terrified her more.

“I haven’t changed my mind,” she said firmly. “I want this. I want you all. You consume me.”

“Not yet, baby, but give us a moment.” Brett gave a sexy laugh and gently bit her bottom lip.

Her legs trembled and a moan of pleasure spilled past her lips.

A moment later someone cupped her cheek and traced her mouth with a finger. She opened her eyes again and found Cedric standing just to the side of them.

“Then you shall have us,” he said with gentle firmness.

“Well then, I think we can do away with this.” Brett’s gaze darkened as he began to untie the sash on her robe.

Above her, she saw Cedric lean down, but he didn’t reach for her. Instead, he cupped Kyle’s face, pulling him forward, and she watched them exchange a thorough kiss.

The sight was so erotic, so new to her, that she barely noticed when Brett finished untying her sash. It was only after he pushed the robe off her shoulders and it slid to the ground, leaving her naked, did she feel the cool air in the room caress her nude body.

Cedric and Kyle drew apart, their attention on her once more.

“Let us see you, love,” Cedric urged and took her hand, drawing her forward and away from the other two men.

Standing alone but surrounded by them, she felt quite a bit more exposed. A blush spread from her chest to her face and she resisted the urge to cover herself as her nipples tightened.

“Gods, you are sexy,” Kyle muttered.

Cedric just stood silently, but the desire in his eyes spoke the words he didn’t say.

“Enough talk,” Brett rasped as he strode forward and scooped her up, carrying her toward the bed. Her pulse quickened as he set her down, so gently, on top of the mattress.

She reclined on her back, propping herself up on her elbows as she watched the three men remove their clothes. As children, they had all seen one another naked while swimming in the river, but she had not seen any of them any time lately. Gods, each one was so beautiful in his own way, but all so hard and masculine.

Her gaze slid to their cocks and her mouth dried as her heart thundered against her ribcage. All three were proudly erect and fairly close in length and girth.

They advanced on the bed, each of their gazes stroking her body in a visual caress. Her breasts rose and fell with each uneven breath she took, and anticipation had her nerve endings on high alert.

The bed dipped as they climbed onto it, and she tensed just a bit with worry. Could she handle them all at once? What if it was too much? What if...

“It’s all right, Mikayla,” Cedric said softly and came to sit next to her head. “I promise we’ll not do anything you don’t want us to.”

His assurance eased some of her fears and she smiled faintly.

Cedric cupped her cheek and dipped his head, brushing his mouth lightly across hers. Once, and then twice more, until any tension from her body slipped away with the teasing movement of his tongue.

Someone moved behind her on the mattress, pulling her back so that she lay between his legs and against his naked chest. She was beginning to notice the differences in the men's bodies, and judging by the wide, hard, defined planes of his chest, she guessed Kyle held her.

When Cedric released her mouth, she turned to look over her shoulder. Kyle gave her his familiar seductive grin and moved his hands around her ribcage.

"Just take pleasure in the moment, Mikayla," he murmured and pressed a kiss on top of her head. "Enjoy."

She could barely nod before she felt her legs being pushed apart. Facing forward, Mikayla watched Brett climb between her thighs. His eyes were so full of wicked promise that a small whimper escaped past her lips, and he hadn't even touched her yet.

"You are so beautiful, kitten." Kyle growled softly against her ear and then slid his hands up her ribcage to cup her breasts. Her nipples instantly hardened in his palms and she moaned, arching her back. "And you're ours. Say it, Mikayla. Say you belong to us."

"Yes," she agreed fervently. "I belong to you three. Always."

"Always." Brett's hand cupping her pussy had her attention snapping back to him. She watched as he licked two of his fingers before moving them back to the mound of her sex.

Gods, she wanted them inside her. She waited for him to plunge in as he'd done before, but this time it seemed he had a different purpose.

Instead, he traced the perimeter of her entrance, teasing her and not quite dipping inside. His gaze held hers, in it the promise of what would come.

Her attention caught on Cedric as he moved forward and grabbed Kyle's hair, pulling him forward to claim his lips. She stared up at them, watching the tenderness and familiarity between them.

The fact that the three men had been lovers showed in their actions and the way they looked at each other. And now she would be part of that circle.

Brett chose her moment of distraction to thrust his fingers bluntly into her. She cried out at the wonderful invasion, jerking her head back to face him and lifting her hips to meet his touch. He continued to penetrate her, pushing deeper each time and then lifted his head to smile at her. "It's my turn to eat your pussy, baby."

"Brett," she whispered his name almost as a plea.

He kissed her inner thigh, and then the other, before placing a chaste kiss on the slit of her pussy. Then, holding the folds of her sex apart, he lowered his head again, blocking her view of what he was doing. Suddenly she felt the first wet lick of his tongue on her clit.

"Gods!" she cried out, reaching to hold his hair.

He repeated the gesture, this time circling the taut little bud with his tongue. And then he caught it lightly with his teeth, using just enough pressure to make her scream at the combination of pleasure and pain.

“I bet that feels nice, love.” Cedric came to her side, kneeling over her and nudging aside Kyle’s hand so he could take a breast. “So will this.”

He lowered his head and drew her nipple into his mouth, sucking gently while rubbing a slow hand across her belly.

The sweet ache between her thighs grew more intense. She writhed on the bed, within Kyle’s grasp, incomprehensible pleas spilling from her lips.

Her hips lifted and fell against Brett’s skilled mouth while she arched her back to thrust her breast more fully into Cedric’s mouth.

And then Kyle, still teasing the nipple on her free breast, leaned to the side and toward her, catching her chin and turning her for a kiss. Blindly, she met his lips, letting his tongue plow past hers to explore and conquer.

The pleasure spiraled farther upward, every nerve in her body was on sensory overload. So many hands and mouths touching her.

When Brett buried his tongue deep inside her pussy, she shattered. Lights exploded in her head and everything spun out of control. If Kyle hadn’t been holding onto her, she likely would have melted into a limp puddle.

When she finally regained awareness, Brett was nuzzling her pussy, and Kyle was pressing soft kisses to her mouth, while Cedric teased her nipple with his tongue.

“Gods,” she whispered, so emotional that tears pricked at the back of eyes. “The intensity…”

“We know, love.” Cedric cuddled her breast, and then tilted his head to look up at her. “But there is so much more to show you.”

## Chapter Six

“It’s time,” Kyle agreed, his voice gritty as he slipped out from behind her, easing her down until she lay on the bed completely.

Cedric placed a pillow beneath her head as Brett slipped one beneath her bottom. Then the two of them came to kneel on either side of her, each taking one of her hands.

Kyle, now by her feet, moved forward and gave her a gentle smile. He caught both of her ankles and pulled them apart, spreading her legs wide so he could position himself between.

Her heart quickened as she realized what was about to happen.

“There may be a small amount of discomfort,” Cedric warned and leaned down to brush a kiss across her cheek. “But then pleasure will follow.”

Mikayla could only nod, since her mouth had gone dry and her pulse once again raced.

Kyle gripped his cock, stroking it as he stared at her pussy. It was almost as if he was forming a plan of attack. The anticipation of the moment he would take her had her nipples tightening into tight peaks again.

Gods, for years now she’d dreamed of what this day would be like. Joining with a man in bed. But today, she would not only take one into her body, but three.

Kyle scooted forward just a bit more and then placed the bulbous head of his thick cock against her opening.

Her breath caught and she bit her lip. Every muscle in her body was taut from waiting, from wanting.

Brett and Cedric squeezed her hands tighter, before leaning over to kiss each other. Mikayla was momentarily distracted by the sensuality yet romanticism of their gesture, and her pussy grew wetter.

Her gaze slipped back to Kyle, and she found him watching her with a heated gaze.

“We’ve been wanting this for so long, kitten. We love you. I love you,” Kyle murmured and then pressed in slowly.

Mikayla gasped in a soft breath as his girth stretched her, as he sank deeper. She watched his face, saw the patience and pleasure mixed there, but there was also the torture of having to go slowly. She could see it, knew he wanted to drive into her like he was probably used to with other women.

When Kyle came to her barrier of innocence, he hesitated, and then slid his hands to cup her hips, gripping her tightly. His jaw clenched and he closed his eyes before he flexed his hips and thrust through the thin membrane.



Mikayla bit her lip to keep from crying out. A sharp sting followed his penetration and her body struggled to adjust to the sweet invasion of Kyle's cock.

"You're doing wonderful, baby," Brett soothed and then met Cedric's gaze.

At once they both leaned down to cup a breast, each of their mouths capturing a nipple and beginning to suckle.

Pleasure sizzled throughout her once more and she let out a shuddering breath, her body relaxing, growing wet again. As she watched, Brett and Cedric reached across her body to wrap their hands around each other's cocks, pleasuring one another with firm strokes.

Gods, the sight was so erotic she let out a strangled groan.

Kyle's hands on her hips tightened and he began a slow penetration. She watched the slide of Kyle's cock in and out of her body over the men's heads at her breasts.

"Gods, you feel incredible," Kyle murmured, and reached down to press his thumb against her clit.

Her pleasure doubled and she lifted her hips to meet his thrust.

Cedric lifted his head and moved to a sitting position on his knees again. His expression was taut with arousal and the sight of his engorged, red cock made Mikayla's mouth water suddenly.

She had never tried, but the urge to take him in her mouth suddenly hit her.

"Let me please you," she whispered.

Cedric followed her gaze, seeming to know what she wanted. "Mikayla, perhaps it's too soon."

"No, Cedric. I want to." She reached for him and he let out a small groan before shuffling closer to her.

His cock brushed her cheek and she curled her hand around it, fascinated by the hot steeliness of him.

Before she could fully appreciate Cedric, Kyle plunged extra deep, drawing a surprised gasp of pleasure from her. Sweet Gods! Now that the initial discomfort had faded, the pleasure they'd promised was indeed present.

She returned her focus to Cedric, stroking his cock before flicking her tongue out over the tip. Salt and musk exploded on her tongue, so potent and male.

"Now I'm envious," Brett let out a soft laugh, his mouth still at her breast. To demonstrate his displeasure, he bit her nipple teasingly enough to cause her to squirm.

"Take my ass," Cedric muttered thickly and pressed his cock forward, so Mikayla had no choice but to part her lips and allow him inside.

He filled her mouth, thick and long, but she took him. Tried to learn by trial and error as she moved her mouth up and down his shaft experimentally, even while her breasts bounced with each of Kyle's wonderful thrusts.

"Fuck, Cedric, you don't need to tell me twice," Brett growled and climbed over her body to move behind him.

Mikayla was caught up in the pleasure of Kyle fucking her, but still, during her attempt to please Cedric with her mouth, she managed to watch Brett maneuver him into a new position.

Cedric's cock sank deeper into her throat as he moved onto his hands and knees above her. There was another blur of motion, men adjusting, and then Brett began a slow thrust into Cedric's ass.

Gods, what a beautifully erotic sight.

Cedric and Brett each let out a guttural groan, and then found a driving rhythm of penetration.

Her body was on fire, burning and sizzling with pleasure. She closed her eyes to trap herself in darkness, overwhelmed by the intensity of it all. With her eyes shut, her other senses kicked in.

The musky smell of sex tickled her nose, and her ears rang with the sounds of body parts connecting and their groans and cries. And she knew she wasn't alone with her pleasure. Each one of them lived in the same world of sensation and passion. And of course love. There'd always been love, she'd just been too blind to see it.

"Gods, just watching you all is going to make me come," Kyle ground out, moving faster inside her now.

He rubbed her clit, bringing her closer to ecstasy. Then his cock brushed a magical spot inside her and she fell apart, her pleasure splintering into a billion tiny pieces.

She cried out around Cedric's cock, let him take over and just fuck her mouth as her body trembled through the aftershocks of her climax.

Another one of the men cried out, she couldn't be certain who, but then the first warm spurt of come slid down her throat as Cedric reached his release.

She drank everything he gave, all the while rocking her hips against Kyle. He thrust deeper than he had yet before letting out a ragged groan and collapsing on top of her. A moment later Brett made a similar groaning noise.

Completely wilted, she barely blinked when Cedric lay down next to her a moment later.

Kyle crawled up the bed and moved to her other side, throwing a hand over her waist.

"Don't crowd the bed," Brett grumbled and plopped down on the other side of Cedric, stretching his arm out across them all to touch Kyle.

Mikayla was torn between wanting to cry tears of happiness, or purr with the sensuality of the moment. They were connected and cuddled, four friends who now all knew each other intimately. Well, the boys had for years, she'd just joined in a bit late.

"Did we scare you off, Mikayla?" Brett asked drowsily. "Will you still be meeting with the Elders tomorrow?"

Her chest bounced with a soft laugh as she met Brett's gaze above Cedric's head. "Gods no. How could you possibly think I'd walk away from this?"

To emphasize her point, she rubbed her bottom against Kyle and her breasts against Cedric.

“Mmm. You know, kitten, we’ll take you all at once soon.” Kyle moved his hand to cup her bottom and slid a finger between the crack of her ass. “Here too. Like how you saw Brett take Cedric.”

She nibbled her lip to keep from smiling. “Is that a promise? Because I must confess that watching them was a bit arousing.”

“Was it now?” Brett asked. “You’re a naughty girl, Mikayla, and that’s why we love you.”

“I hope that’s not the only reason.”

Cedric kissed her neck and sighed. “Of course not, love. With you in our lives and in our bed, we are complete.”

Her heart swelled with happiness and she knew it couldn’t possibly get any better than this.

The next morning Mikayla stood in front of the two Elders, staring up at the wizened, aged men who advised the parliament and were involved with many decisions. Including, it seems, her choice on whether or not to choose three lifemates.

She curtsied and then offered a small smile. “Good morning, sirs. Thank you for seeing me today.”

Rupert sat on the right and acknowledged her remark first. Giving a slight nod, he smiled gently.

“Of course, my dear. It is my understanding that you have arrived at a decision on who is to be your lifemate?”

Her cheeks flushed as she murmured, “I have, sir. I’d like three.”

“Three.” Donald chuckled and shook his head slightly. “I had often wondered who could ever be good enough for you, girl. It appears three men must fill that position.”

Her blush deepened, but she held her ground. “Indeed. I love them all dearly, and the thought of choosing—”

“You don’t have to choose, my dear.” Rupert grimaced and held up his hand. “We simply wanted to meet with you and be assured that this is indeed your choice, and not that of the three men who’ve taken your favor.”

“It is my choice,” she said softly. “And theirs as well. We all enter this union willingly.”

Donald’s creased face cracked further with the smile he gave. “Wonderful. Then the lifemating ceremony will be performed tomorrow afternoon. Please inform the gentlemen.”

Relief spilled through her, causing her legs to weaken and her breath to expel rapidly.

“Thank you, sirs. You have no idea the happiness you’ve granted me.”

“I’m fairly certain we do.” Rupert chuckled and then grew somber. “But Mikayla, we must discuss a recent situation that has been brought to our attention as well.”

Her tension returned and she stood taller again. “Oh? And what might that be?”

“It has been reported that William Alberts has caused you a bit of distress lately.”

Gods, how had they learned so quickly? Then again, she shouldn't have been surprised. The Elders had eyes and ears everywhere.

"He has been quite blunt with his displeasure that I did not choose him as my lifemate," she said cautiously. "I believe it is likely nothing more than a harmless infatuation, but am not certain."

"Nor are we," Donald replied bluntly. "Keep one of your future lifemates with you at all times for the next twenty-four hours, Mikayla. The man has always acted a bit fanatical, in my opinion. He seems driven to get what he wants. First with the position in parliament, and now, it appears, you."

"I shall be careful," she agreed. "Kyle waits outside for me now. He escorted me to this meeting."

Both Elders nodded, appearing pleased.

"Very good. You are dismissed, Mikayla. Please do take care and we shall see you tomorrow at the lifemating ceremony."

"Thank you, sirs." She curtsied once more and turned, leaving their chambers.

Kyle glanced down at the petite woman he escorted back to her chambers and his chest swelled with emotion. This time tomorrow Mikayla would be lifemated with him, Cedric and Brett. Gods, how had they gotten so fortunate?

Just the vision of another joining in bed nearly made him come in his trousers. Last night had been incredible. Emotional and explosive. So full of lust and love.

Mikayla leaned against him, holding his arm and casting glances up at him from beneath her lashes.

"I cannot help but think of last night, Kyle."

He gave a soft laugh and kissed her forehead. "I cannot either, I confess."

"Will you tell me something? I enjoyed you being the one to..." She cleared her throat, even as her cheeks filled with that delightful blush. "To take my virginity. But how ever did you decide who would do it?"

Kyle threw back his head and laughed, even as his cock hardened again at the thought of how tight she'd been, her pussy gripping his cock in a hot, silky, wet vise.

"It was hardly a chore, kitten. And truth be told, we did argue over the honor. But in the end it came down to a bit of a lottery."

"Indeed?" her eyes widened. "And you won?"

"Oh, Mikayla, don't you know? I always win." He stopped on the pathway and tilted her head up, catching her mouth in a quick, fierce kiss. When he lifted his head, her eyes were closed and she swayed toward him. "You've enchanted us, kitten. All of us."

She sighed softly and lush lashes fluttered up again to reveal green eyes soft with emotion. "Yes, well, likewise."

Kyle's heart clenched with tenderness and he took her arm again, continuing their walk home. Mikayla had expressed her desire to pick up another change in clothing.

They neared her chambers and he paused to type in the code to open the door. In the reflection of the silver door, he saw a movement behind him. He turned, crouching into a defensive pose, but the steel that crashed into his head had him stumbling to his knees.

One more hit across his skull, and everything went black.

## Chapter Seven

Mikayla staggered backwards, her heart slamming against her ribcage, but she collided right into the door that had yet to open. Her gaze darted from Kyle's frighteningly still form and back to Alberts, who stood wielding a steel cylinder.

"Hello, Mikayla," he grated, his eyes bright with determination.

Gods! How could she have been so wrong? How could she have not taken the threat of him more seriously?

"You're mad!" she hissed. "They'll kill you for that."

"The Elders? Hardly, it was just a bump on the head."

"No, not the Elders. Cedric, Brett, and Kyle—when he wakes."

"Ah, but they'll have to catch me first, Mikayla." He set down the cylinder and grabbed her about the waist, lifting her off the ground and tossing her over his shoulder. "And trust me, if they do catch me, that's not why they'll want to kill me."

Mikayla screamed and struggled to kick his face, but he restrained her legs as he took off at a run. Gods, she hadn't thought the man was in such good shape.

She screamed again, but they grew farther from the compound with each passing moment.

His hand came down hard on her ass and she flinched, revulsion sliding through her.

"You'll regret the day you rejected me," he promised. "Not to mention that little stunt you pulled at the river. Lucky for you, I think my cock has recovered enough to fuck your uptight little pussy." He pinched her bottom and laughed crudely. "I'm going to love hearing you scream."

Terror clotted in her throat and she screamed again, even as he thrashed through the trail toward the river. He was returning to her meeting site, she realized numbly. Where he was most likely going to rape her.

Bile rose in her throat and suddenly her fear snapped. She struggled with renewed effort, kicking him in the chest and pounding her fists fiercely into his back.

"Stop struggling, you whore. Or I promise I'll make it twice as painful," he snarled. "Gods, you disgust me. Willing to lifemate yourself with three men. Is one not enough? Well, they won't want you once I've finished with you. I promise you that."

Mikayla groaned, dizzy with the movement and being hung upside down. "Why are you doing this? Why would you force yourself upon a woman who does not desire you?"

He gave a cruel laugh. “Your desire has nothing to do with it. It’s what I desire. And I desire a spot on the godsdamned parliament.”

Shock ripped through her, momentarily replacing the fear.

They reached her meeting area and he dropped her to the ground. She stumbled back, rushing away from him quickly, but she was imprisoned in the area she’d selected so carefully earlier.

“You think I can secure you a position in parliament?” she repeated. Then this wasn’t about sex. Perhaps he wouldn’t force himself onto her after all.

“Yes. I’m positive you will.” His smile didn’t reach his eyes, and was pure evil. “When my seed is in your belly and you’re forced to choose me as a lifemate.”

The world spun around them and she could scarcely breathe. “No,” she whispered, backing away farther until she was pressed up against a bush. “Even if I have an heir, the child inherits, not my lifemate.”

His smile grew harder. “But if something were to happen to you before the child is of age…”

“*Bastard*. Keep your hands off me, you pig!”

“It’s not my hands I intend to use, Mikayla.” He lunged at her and she screamed, attempting to run past him.

He caught her about the waist, lifting her off the ground and spinning her back toward him. He pushed her forward so that she stumbled to her knees near a large rock.

And then he was behind her, grabbing her hair and forcing her to lean over the rock. His hands fumbled beneath her skirt and she went wild with terror.

“It won’t be your seed,” she said vehemently. “I’m likely carrying a child by one of my men as we speak.”

That caused him pause. His hand tightened in her hair before he let out a scream of rage.

“Whore. You’ve fucked them already?” He twisted her head around and then slashed his hand across her face. “You will pay. Gods, I’ll make you pay.”

Finally the fear and the pain was too much. Mikayla let out a tiny moan just before she fainted.

“They should’ve returned by now,” Brett muttered, shaking his head. “Something doesn’t feel right.”

Cedric stroked his jaw and nodded in agreement. He’d been thinking the same thing since Kyle had notified him that they were leaving the Elders’ chambers and would be back within the next half hour.

Still, Cedric and Brett sat in two oversized chairs, waiting.

“You don’t think Kyle stayed with her in the chamber and simply…got caught up in the moment?” he muttered, though knew it was a long shot.

Brett shook his head. “No. Not without us.”

“You’re right.” Cedric nodded, though his gut still remained tight with the unease that something wasn’t right. “I say we head to her chambers. I don’t like the looks of this.”

“Agreed.”

They both jumped to their feet and strode from the room. They were nearly to Mikayla’s chambers when Kyle came jogging across the compound toward them, his expression grim.

Cedric’s stomach sank and he braced himself for bad news.

“Where is she?” Brett demanded, just as anxious.

“Alberts took her. Knocked me over the head with this fucking pipe and *took* her,” Kyle growled, gesturing with the cylinder.

“Shit,” Cedric’s muscles went taut and he swept his gaze around the area, hoping for any sign of them.

Brett let out a roar before muttering, “I’ll kill him for this.”

“I think we still have time.” Kyle pushed past them and gestured for them to follow. “It couldn’t have been more than ten minutes ago that they left, because I woke up and tried to find anyone who might have seen them. Got a lead from a man who thought he heard a woman screaming over by the river just moments ago. He called in the enforcers.”

“It must be Mikayla,” Cedric yelled, running after him.

“Of course,” Brett agreed, also right on Kyle’s heels. “I’m going to kill him.”

Cedric’s smile was grim as he forced back any feelings of despondency. “You said that already.”

“Yes, well, it’s become my mantra.”

“You want to kill him? Get in line.” Kyle gave a harsh laugh. “The fucker is mine.”

They couldn’t lose her. Not now. The blood thundered through Brett’s veins as they neared the river. It wouldn’t surprise him in the least to find out Alberts had taken Mikayla back to the scene of their meetings.

In the consummation room earlier today, Cedric had filled him in about what had happened between Alberts and Mikayla by the river, and now, more than ever, he wanted to kill the bastard.

They neared the bend that curved to where Mikayla had set up her blanket. Hearing what he thought was a male’s voice, Brett caught the back of Cedric’s and Kyle’s shirts and pulled them to a halt.

Placing a finger against his mouth, he indicated for them to keep silent.

They nodded, Cedric in understanding and Kyle with barely held patience. Moving forward stealthily, they formed an intimidating line, not to be taken lightly.

“You will pay. Gods, I’ll make you pay.”

This time the voice was unmistakable and there was no holding back Kyle. He let out a roar, charging through the bush like he was going into battle.



Brett and Cedric were right on his heels. By the time they came into the clearing along the river, Kyle had Alberts pinned to the ground and was doing his best to invert the man's face with his fists.

Brett's gaze darted to Mikayla, who lay slumped over a rock, and he swore under his breath, rushing to her.

Cedric was right beside him as he fell to his knees beside her, lifting her head and checking her pulse.

"She's alive," Brett muttered and lifted her into his arms.

"Well, Alberts won't be much longer if we don't intercede," Cedric pointed out grimly.

"Let Kyle kill him. It saves me the trouble." Brett lifted her limp form higher against his chest and cocked his head. "Though, if I'm hearing right, the enforcers are quite close and will likely stop him anyway."

"Guess the bastard gets to live," Cedric agreed as a handful of enforcers rounded the corner, weapons drawn.

Brett jerked his head and called, "Come with me, Cedric, we can take Mikayla back to the room and try to bring her round."

Mikayla awoke to the jolting motion of being carried and stiffened, remembering what was happening. A cry of fear escaped her and she began to struggle.

"Calm down, baby, we've got you now."

Her eyes drifted open and she melted with relief into Brett's arms. Cedric walked beside him, staring down at her with obvious concern.

"What happened to Alberts? I must have fainted," she said thickly, swallowing against the fear in her throat. "Did he..."

"No. We arrived before he could hurt you any more." Cedric took her hand and brushed a comforting kiss across her knuckles. "I think you fainting was probably a smart move."

She flushed. "I certainly didn't intend to. You should have heard him...the things he threatened." She squeezed her eyes closed to block out the horrific image, but they snapped back open as she let out a startled gasp. "Kyle! Oh Gods, is he all right? Alberts hit him over the head and—"

"He is fine, love," Cedric assured her. "Likely wiping the blood off his knuckles and speaking with the enforcers now. I'm certain that Alberts will never bother you again."

Her breath caught and some of the fear subsided. "Truly?"

Brett nodded and glanced down at her. "Yes, baby. Attempted rape is a life sentence on this planet. You may need to testify at trial, but—"

"Gladly. I will testify and ensure that awful man never sets foot in the natural sunlight again," she said fervently. "And it was more than wanting me. I was a pawn in his game to acquire a seat in a parliament."

“Gods, I should have pursued him when he attacked you yesterday by the river,” Cedric muttered. “I’m so sorry, love.”

“No, please, it was no one’s fault. Not even the Elders could have predicted this, though they certainly suspected he was far from harmless.”

“Don’t think about it now, baby,” Brett said softly. “Try to put it from your mind. We’ll get you back to the room, give you a bit of a drink, and take care of you.”

She nodded and bit her lip, closing her eyes again, taking comfort in the security of being with the men who loved her.

Later that evening Mikayla lay in the massive bed in the consummation room. She’d slept most of the afternoon and evening, after having spent a good portion of the morning talking to the Elders, giving her statement.

It appeared Alberts’ future was good and set, not in the parliament seat he wanted, but instead in a detention cell.

“Mikayla, I have brought you supper,” Cedric said, entering the room and carrying a tray. He set it down and then moved to sit near Brett and Kyle beneath.

The three men had not left her alone once, and for that she was glad. At least one of them had stayed with her at all times.

She accepted the food with a smile and took her first bite a moment later. Her stomach growled as she swallowed. Heavens, she hadn’t eaten anything since that apple she’d nibbled on at breakfast.

After she’d eaten until her stomach clenched in protest, she slid the plate away.

“Thank you, Cedric. I couldn’t possibly eat another bite.” She smiled at the other two men, who sat in the chairs, watching the teletron.

“Are you not eating?” she asked.

“We ate a bit earlier,” Brett said curtly.

Kyle shook his head. “I’m not very hungry.”

A sliver of unease slid through her. Though the men had stayed by her side, they had been too quiet since this afternoon, and more often than not avoided her gaze.

Her stomach clenched and she wondered if she was simply being paranoid. She pushed back the blanket and swung her legs off the bed.

“Mikayla, you should rest,” Brett said, coming to his feet.

She gave an incredulous laugh. “I’ve been resting all day.”

“Perhaps a bath will soothe you.” Kyle suggested, also standing now.

“I bathed earlier.” And she had, to scrub away the evidence and memory of Alberts’ touch.

“Look, it is getting late. You will want to rest before the ceremony in the morning,” Cedric said cautiously. “I will sleep on the floor tonight—”

“On the floor?” she repeated and her throat grew tight with tears of panic. “I don’t understand. Do you not want me anymore? Is it because of what happened with Alberts?” Then she blurted out her worst fear. “Am I somehow...less desirable?”

## Chapter Eight

“Not want you?” Brett rasped and strode toward her, grasping her shoulders. The heat in his eyes caused her knees to shake. “Gods, woman, you have no idea how much we want you right now. And how much we blame ourselves for what almost happened to you. We were trying to be respectful and give you space after a traumatic experience.”

“I don’t want space!” she cried. “And it was not your fault. It was nobody’s fault but that bloody bastard’s.” She spun to face Cedric, her eyes full of tears now and she didn’t care. “I don’t want you to sleep on the floor. I don’t want to sleep alone in the giant bed any longer.” She thrust a trembling finger at the bed to drive home her point. “I want all of you there with me. I want to be held. I want to be kissed. And I want to be reminded of the kind of joy and passion that exists when there is love! Not that ugly...”

Cedric stepped forward. “Mikayla—”

“Don’t you understand? I have this awful vision stuck in my head of what happened. And I need to erase it.” She shook her head and covered her ears, the tears spilling down her cheeks. “And all day, you’ve acted like I don’t exist. Acted like—”

Cedric’s mouth closed over hers, gently cutting off her hysterical prattle as he slipped his arms around her. He brushed his lips against hers softly, sliding his hand up and down her back in a soft caress.

“We’ll erase it, love. We promise.”

And then Brett and Kyle surround her as well, wrapping their arms around her and kissing her hair, her cheeks.

Someone lifted her up and carried her to the bed, but with their mouths all over her face and lips, she didn’t open her eyes to see who. And then the soft mattress welcomed her back as they laid her down.

They removed her dress, anointing the flesh she bared with sensual kisses, all while alternating who took her mouth. They suckled her breasts and kissed the flatness of her stomach until she couldn’t think and there were no unpleasant memories, only them and this moment.

She watched with drug-like passion as Cedric’s dark head disappeared between her thighs to find her pussy. Then his tongue was on her and in her, tasting her, licking her, giving her no escape from the pleasure.

“I love watching you eat her pussy, Cedric,” Brett muttered thickly. “She tastes like fucking summertime and candy, doesn’t she? Make her scream when she comes. I want to watch her pretty face when she orgasms.”

A tremble rocked her body at his words and the way Cedric buried his tongue deeper inside her with a groan.

Brett grabbed the back of Kyle's head and dragged him forward, crushing his mouth in a hard kiss.

Desire scorched through her blood. Gods, everything between them all was so sensual. Every gesture showed their passion and love for each other.

Reaching down, she gripped Cedric's head, holding him against her and rocking against his mouth. When Kyle slid down Brett's body and took his cock into his mouth, Mikayla gave a choked gasp and moved farther toward the pinnacle of pleasure.

"That's right, baby," Brett murmured to her in encouragement, even as he gripped Kyle's hair and fucked his mouth. "Let yourself go."

Mikayla surrendered to the sensation, the scream Brett had wanted ripped from her throat, before she collapsed with sobs of ecstasy.

With her body still quaking, somebody rolled her onto her stomach. Fingers probed her slick channel before sliding to the small hole of her ass. They pressed inside, stretching her and opening her.

She moaned at the new sensation, but didn't fight it. Who was touching her? A quick glance showed it was Brett and all the men were once again focused entirely on her. She knew they would take her as Kyle had promised. All at once and everywhere. Her body tingled in anticipation with the thought, even as she had a momentary stab of nervousness.

"Ride me," Cedric commanded softly as he lifted her astride him.

She clutched the bedspread and leaned forward, sinking onto his hard cock.

Cedric's fingers curled around her hips and then he drove up inside her, wrenching a strangled gasp from her swollen lips. She rocked back and forth on him, letting him fill and stretch her as she found a steady rhythm.

Brett continued to probe her ass with his finger, only adding more fingers now. And then she felt the blunt tip of his cock against her, pushing in oh so slowly.

She gave up trying to ride Cedric and let him take control, focusing instead on the exquisite feeling of Brett taking her smaller hole.

"Relax, kitten," Kyle murmured, cupping her face and brushing his mouth over hers again. "You'll love it, I promise."

She gave a soft whimper in response and nodded. She watched as he stroked his cock, his gaze on her lips.

"I want it," she whispered. "Please, Kyle."

His gaze darkened, but he didn't argue, instead sliding closer and bringing his hard flesh to her mouth, tracing her lips with the head of his cock.

She parted her lips and flicked the tip with her tongue before letting him slide deep inside with a groan. Salty and musky, and so delicious. Gods!

There was a small amount of pain as Brett moved halfway into her, and she gasped.

“Relax, Mikayla. It’ll go in easier,” Cedric said from below, as he thrust steadily up into her.

She nodded and tried to relax her muscles, while Kyle slid his cock in and out of her mouth.

Brett gave one last steady push and then he was fully seated in her ass. She gave a long groan, letting her body adjust and the discomfort fade.

“Gods, Brett,” Cedric muttered, “I can feel you fucking her.”

Brett groaned. “I know. Likewise. And I’m trying not to come because of it.”

Mikayla could barely breathe. She had taken all of them at once, pleased them all, but she hadn’t expected the exquisite sensation in return. She’d never felt so taken, so loved.

They all moved in her. Kyle fucked her mouth while Cedric took her pussy and Brett gently rode her ass.

Sensation tingled in every inch of her body, swirling in her mind so she couldn’t think, only feel—the hint of pain and the onslaught of pleasure.

It grew more intense with each passing second, and then it was too much. It had spiraled too high until it toppled onto itself. The orgasm ripped through her and she cried out around Kyle’s cock.

“Fuck, you’re soaking my dick, baby,” Cedric groaned. “Gripping me like you’re going to break me in half.”

Brett gasped. “Shit. Me too.”

And then they came inside her. One after another. Groaning and roaring through their orgasms.

After she’d swallowed the last of Kyle’s release, he slipped his cock past her lips and collapsed on the bed beside her.

“Gods, you’re all going to kill me,” he muttered.

She grunted in response, too tired to move, and couldn’t even if she wanted to because she was still sandwiched between Brett and Cedric.

When they finally pulled from her body, she was nearly asleep with exhaustion. They lay beside her, finding comfortable positions, until all four of them had entwined their limbs.

Someone kissed her forehead and then, one after another, she heard each one whisper, “I love you all.”

Her heart ached with so much love she could feel the tears pricking her eyes.

She snuggled into the hard male chest closest to her and whispered her own endearment. “I love you all so much. Always.”

Mikayla stood in a circle with Brett, Cedric and Kyle as one of the Elders came forward for the lifemating ceremony.

Ribbons of various colors were wound about their wrists as words of love and dedication were spoken. Her throat was thick with emotion as she lifted her gaze to look at her men.

She gave a tremulous smile as tears of happiness crept to the corners of her eyes. They returned her smile gently, their gazes full of love and optimism for a future all of them looked forward to.

Yes, she thought, she never could've lived with just one of them, when all three had claimed her heart.

## About the Author

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Chances Are (print version)

*In space, no one will hear them moan.*

## Moonlust

© 2010 Kallysten

*A Men in Space Story*

The job was supposed to be an easy one for Captain Kar and his two-man crew: land the *Danaus* on the deserted moon, appropriate a few boxes of precious chromore, and jump out of the system before the Guardians could get to them. Even Will and Jay's inability to keep their hands off each other for any length of time should not have been too much of a problem.

They discover too late it's the laineards' mating season. The resulting sexual pheromones begin to affect them as soon as they step off the ship. With Will and Jay losing their minds to lust, and Kar himself blinded by visions of the two men he has wanted for months, things suddenly get much *harder* than expected.

Their only hope for not ending up in jail is to get out of there before the Guardians find them. Except an open loading dock contaminated the air inside the *Danaus*. And Kar will have to resort to drastic measures to keep Jay and Will apart long enough to escape...

*Warning: The Lodge does not endorse or otherwise approve of this sexually charged M/M/M rendition of one of its elite members cavorting with the crew of a thieving spaceship while under the influence of pheromones-induced, overwhelming and all-consuming lust.*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Moonlust:*

With an enraged gesture, Jay lowered the sound of the comm so he wouldn't hear the small gasps and moans rising from the cargo bay anymore.

"Damn you, Kar. You'll pay for this."

Pay for what, Jay didn't really know at that moment. For locking him in the cockpit alone or for taking Will as his own? He couldn't have said which was worse. Frustration burned through his veins like acid, but how much of it was simply denied lust, and how much was pure jealousy?

The sound was gone, but Jay's mind continued to churn out images of what they might be doing. He didn't want to know, not really, and he certainly didn't want to see, and still he heard himself mutter, "Mid quadrant one. Display cargo bay."

The screen directly in front of him blinked to life. Part of him hoped they'd left the bay already and found their way to the living quarters. Or maybe, if he was lucky, they'd be hidden from view by a stack of boxes or—

Jay groaned. No such luck. As chance had it, Kar and Will were in front of the surveillance camera, slightly off-center but close enough Jay could see the tension in Kar's fingers as they cupped the back of

Will's head. They were kissing. Jay licked his lips and leaned forward in his seat. With Will's back to him, he couldn't really see much more than the constantly changing angle of their tilted heads. Kar's eyes were closed, and he looked younger. He held Will to him with both hands, the fingers of the right one threaded in his hair while the left rested chastely at the small of his back. Jay could just guess where Will's hands were: one curled around Kar's neck, strong yet gentle, and the other on his chest, probably, his thumb running back and forth over one nipple, then the other.

A painful jolt radiated from his cock, and he pressed his hand tightly against it. He'd been hard for too long. He craved relief. But not by his own hand, not like this, not alone while—

“Pursuing ships have jumped on our vector.”

Jay growled at the computer's announcement, both because he had hoped he had shaken the Guardians and because at that instant, Kar's voice was the very last thing he wanted to hear. Why had it seemed like such a good idea to program the synchro this way?

“Lower quadrant four. Display radar.”

The bottom right screen shifted from a view of the sun the Danaus was orbiting as closely as its shields allowed, to the rotating representation of the ship and its immediate vicinity. There were only two other ships on the radar, still at some distance. Jay searched for the third one, but after a few seconds he nodded in satisfaction. He'd lost one of the three ships that had been chasing them. Only two left before he could find a way to open the cockpit door and go kick Kar's ass.

He glanced at the other screen at the thought and winced, immediately realizing his mistake. His hand moved toward the controls that would turn off that camera, but he forgot what he was doing when he watched Kar tug Will's shirt out of his pants and over his head. Kar's hands returned to Will's back at once, sliding over skin that was perfectly smooth, Jay knew, descending lower and under the waistband of Will's pants.

He tore his gaze away and breathed in deeply. The air in the cockpit had to be clean by now. He was not a slave to his dick anymore. Nothing forced him to keep watching them. His hand hesitated toward the shut-off command, but it retreated without erasing the image on the screen.

“Mid quadrant four. Display map of the closest solar systems.”

He found what he needed in seconds. It wasn't the closest system, but it would work fine. Keeping his eyes resolutely downcast, he started calculating his next move. Jumping this close to a sun had scared a Guardian. He'd try doing it again and take things from there.

One of the Guardians was accelerating, no doubt to get in front of the Danaus once more and force it to slow down. The second one was approaching on the nexus side for another attempt at grasping the Danaus. If they managed to capture the nexus, there would be no more jumping, and the game would be over.

Jay started a new evasive maneuver, this time rolling down and to the right when the last time he had angled the ship to the left.

He glanced at the cargo bay image even as the familiar warning fell from his lips. “Jump in—” His mouth was dry suddenly, and he didn’t know what he had been about to say anymore.

Will and Kar were on the floor now, both of them bare-chested, Kar propped on his forearm over Will. They lay sideways toward the camera so that Jay could see everything. He could see their tongues dueling as they kissed. He could see Kar’s hand, wrapped over both their cocks, holding them together as he bucked against Will, as Will arched into him. They hadn’t done more than free their cocks, hadn’t even shoved their pants down, and Will’s hands, hidden beneath the fabric, were kneading Kar’s ass and pulling him closer.

Jay took in a shaky breath and muttered, not caring anymore if they heard him, “Jump now.” He pressed the jump control and forced himself to keep his eyes on the computer screen in front of him. Two more jumps would take them to another sun, smaller than the last but with a warmer surface temperature. The Danaus had better heat shields than the Guardians’ ships. Those were made for speed, while the Danaus was a transport and exploration class. As long as they didn’t stay there too long...

His calculations made, he looked at the time. A few more moments before he could coax another jump from the Danaus. His eyes drifted to the cargo chamber view even as two dots appeared on the radar.

“Pursuing ships have—” the computer started, but Jay interrupted it abruptly.

“Acknowledged.”

Jay had to be imagining it, but the computer’s last word sounded reproachful. He knew quite well that tone of voice coming from Kar. He usually didn’t mind it. But right then, he didn’t want to hear it. He didn’t want to hear Kar at all, didn’t want to know what words his lips were forming, so close to Will’s own.

His fingers crept toward the comm controls, and he increased the sound gradually.

“Are you close?”

Will made a little grunting noise.

“Talk to me, Will. Is this—” He bucked harder against Will. Jay groaned. “—good?”

“Yes,” Will moaned, even as Jay hissed the same word.

This was what his first time with Will had been like—messy kisses, frottage, him trying to pull more than grunts from Will’s reluctant lips. They had been against a wall rather than the floor, and still fully clothed, but he remembered the desire on Will’s face, recognized the way he kept scrunching his eyes and opening them again as though afraid Kar would disappear if he stopped looking.

They kissed again, their mouths meeting harshly enough to bruise. Jay forced himself to look at the computer display. It was time to jump. He pressed the control without bothering to give a warning. He doubted they’d hear him if he did.

*Nothing's sexier than a man, or five, with power tools.*

## Kate's Crew

© 2010 Jayne Rylon

Sultry summer heat has nothing on the five-man crew renovating the house next door. No one could blame Kate for leaning out the window for a better view of the manscape. The nasty fall that follows isn't part of her fantasy—but the man who saves her from splattering the sidewalk is definitely the star.

When Mike personally attends to her injuries, she realizes her white knight in a hard hat has a tender side, giving her no choice but to surrender to the lust that's been arcing between them since day one. In the aftermath of the best sex of her life, she whispers her most secret desire: to be ravaged by his crew.

She never expected Mike would dare her to take what she wants—or that the freedom to make her most decadent desires come true could be the foundation for something lasting...

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Kate's Crew:*

Where the hell had Mike disappeared to? Kate shouldn't care, but she did. She scolded herself when she scanned the yard for the tenth time that minute. She'd spent the morning trying to ignore his insufferable smirk, as he strutted around the site, while mentally reciting all the reasons she couldn't accept his unconventional proposition.

Despite this morning's wake-up call, affairs weren't her style. The unwise urge to prevent him from walking away after one sweaty liaison had almost overwhelmed her sense of self-preservation. Instead, she'd driven her hand beneath her thigh to keep from reaching out to tug him into bed for another romp following his shower. She couldn't risk getting any more involved. No matter how she prayed she could change, she would always want more—something lasting.

The thump of her forehead hitting the sheetrock patch she'd finished installing an hour ago almost drowned out her sigh. Her cell phone vibrated, alerting her to an incoming text message. Every hypersensitive nerve in her body jumped to attention.

She flipped open the phone. Mike.

Meet me in our laundry room. Come in through the garage. Quiet. Quick.

Ignoring his command would be prudent. Also impossible.

Kate sprinted along the hall then took the stairs two at a time before racing out the rear entrance. She hopped the low stone wall dividing their properties then snuck into the neighboring garage like a cat burglar working a world-class heist.

Her hand brushed the doorknob leading from the car bay into the house, where the washer and drier would one day go, but she got drawn inside before she could turn it. Mike's powerful arms surrounded her,

pressing her spine to his taut abdomen. The ridge of his constant hard-on fit in the valley of her ass, covered only by the thin material of her Capri sweats and her thong.

“What—”

The astringent odor of sealant wafted up from his hand, which covered her mouth. In the pitch-black, the brush of his lips on the shell of her ear startled her. She flinched at his raspy whisper. “I want to show you something. Everyone lusts. Everyone fantasizes. When your lover respects you, you should feel free to explore your desires. No matter how extreme.”

Her eyes began to adjust to the darkness. Slits of light gleamed through the louvers on the interior laundry-room door, which faced into the kitchen of Mike’s fixer-upper. Now that she could hear past the galloping of her heart, she froze. A masculine moan echoed off the tiled surfaces of the vacant living space. No, make that several moans.

“Want to see what it could be like?” The plane of Mike’s chest cradled her as he inched them closer to forbidden delights with shuffles of his steel-toed boots. His hands encircled her waist. The tips of his fingers teased the hem of her tank top. Then they slid beneath it to rub irresistible circles over the skin on either side of her belly button.

Kate shivered in his hold.

“Go ahead, take a peek.” He bumped her with his pelvis, grinding against her.

She worried her lip between her teeth as she debated. But the next primal grunt of pleasure dissolved all traces of resistance. Before she knew what she intended, her fingers tucked in the slats at eye level and her nose smooshed against the cool, painted wood.

Oh. My. God.

From this angle, she caught the strong profiles of both James and Neil. Tall and lithe, Neil leaned on the end of the countertop for support, his jeans unbuttoned. Framed in worn denim, his cock jutted from the vee of his fly. James hovered a mere half inch away from the head. His lips parted, glistening with saliva, as though waiting for permission.

“Suck it.” The gruff command reverberated through the space, causing a trickle of wetness to run onto Kate’s thighs.

In the kitchen, Neil buried his fingers in James’s sun-bronzed hair, using the grip to tug the kneeling man closer still. With two fingers, he aimed his erect shaft straight for James’s open mouth. When he slid inside, balls-deep with a single stroke, the look of rapture on both men’s faces stole her breath.

From behind her, Mike’s hands travelled lower, dipping beneath the waistband of her pants. He shoved them over her hips until they pooled on the floor. “Mmm...you smell delicious. Wet already? I thought you might enjoy the show.”

He cut short her whimper when he tilted her face for a scorching kiss. But he didn't steal her concentration from the other men for long. When she turned her head back, they had paused. Had they heard her?

Please, don't stop!

As though they read her thoughts, the two men resumed their rough play. James's stout throat worked around Neil's embedded cock. She almost cried out again when his jaw slid forward, dragging his lower lip over Neil's tight sac.

"Fuck! Where did you learn that trick?" Neil panted.

"From me."

Kate's eyes widened as Dave strolled in from the living room. An impressive bulge tented the front of his cargo shorts. His hulking frame and towering stature might have been intimidating if he weren't so quick to joke or lend a helping hand when needed.

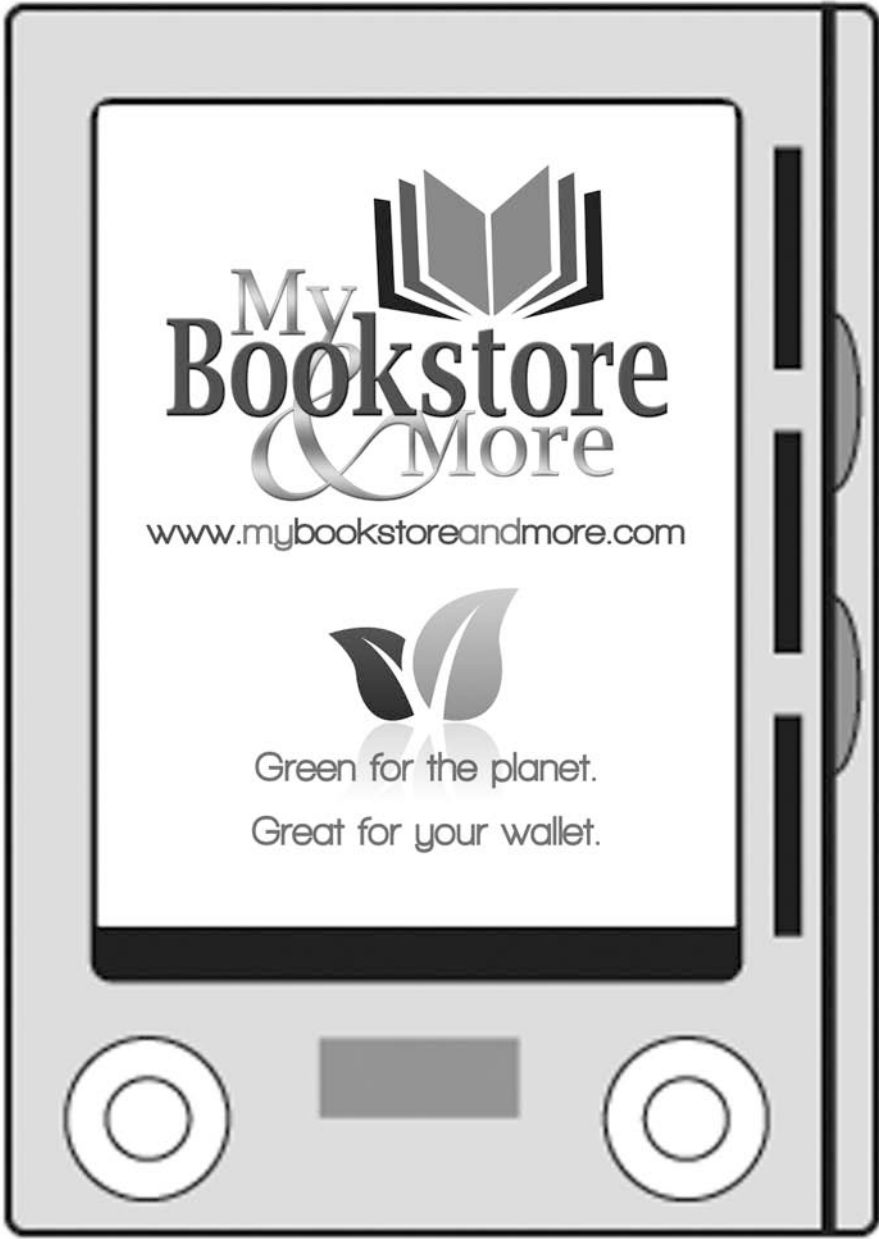
"Son of a bitch. Can't you two go five minutes without getting off?" Joe followed a step behind Dave. "We have a deadline..."

He should have saved his breath. James continued to give Neil what looked like a world-class blow job. She thought Neil's gaze flickered toward her and Mike's hiding spot, but he didn't say anything.

Joe grinned, then shrugged at Dave. "Now's as good a time as any for a break. We need them to concentrate when we snap the chalk lines for the patio or everything will be out of square, and we'll spend all afternoon fixing it anyway."

The easygoing partner stripped his shorts off in two seconds flat. His cock, bare beneath the khaki, sprang free. He put one hand on the counter then hopped up beside Neil with animal grace. When his balls rested on the cool marble they'd upgraded to, he hissed.

"Come on, Dave. I see you checking out James's ass. What are you waiting for?"



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